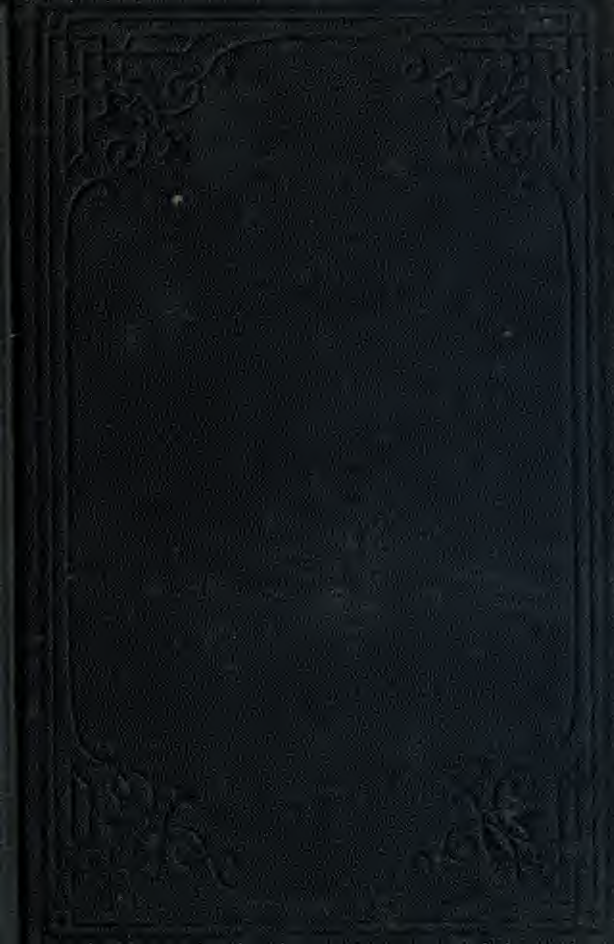




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Ralph C.







THE
CINNAMON ISLE BOY.

BY
MRS. E. C. HUTCHINGS.

THE ISLES SHALL WAIT FOR HIS LAW. ISA. 42:4



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THE
CINNAMON ISLE BOY.

I.

“What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.”

BISHOP HEBER.

OFF Cape Cormorin, the southernmost point of the great peninsula of Hindustan, the beautiful island of Ceylon stretches down towards the equator for three hundred miles. Its mountains rival in height the White Hills of New Hampshire. Its climate embraces every variety of tropical temperature. Dur-

ing the rainy season, the luxuriance and beauty of its vegetation is beyond conception to us in the chilly north. Flowers of brilliant hue bloom at your feet. Luscious fruits grow in profusion, often supplying the main article of food for the natives. Birds of gay plumage warble their melodies from the beautiful margosa and stately almond-tree. Rich cinnamon gardens line the coast for miles in extent, while groves of coconut, palmyra, and tamarind tower and wave in lofty grandeur above this "fairest of the green isles of the tropics."

The district of Jaffna, lying at the northern extremity of Ceylon, and nearing the Coromandel coast, is inhabited by Tamilians, whose religion is the Hindu. The main part of the island is occupied by Cingalese, who are Buddhists. Jaffna comprises one hundred and fifty small villages, central among which is

Oodooville, the scene of our little history.

Do not imagine these villages to be similar to one of our own picturesque New England towns, with its neat church and parsonage, its school-house, hotel, and store, its hill-side farms interspersed with dwellings, some simple, some elegant, but all homelike and comfortable.

If I could take you up in a balloon over a native village in Jaffna, and ask, "What do you see?" you would answer, "Trees, only trees."

"But look sharper; can you see nothing among the trees?"

"Yes, here and there I see an old-fashioned well-sweep."

"Look closer; what more?"

"Beneath and among the trees I see many square gray patches, some single, some in groups of two or three, which look as though dried leaves of a large

size were arranged on frames laid upon the ground."

These are the houses of the natives, the leaf-covered roof resting upon posts, and walls from four to six feet only in height.

Each house is surrounded by the various fruit-trees, which furnish a large part of the sustenance of the household. A few cocoanut, palmyra, and plantain trees keep a family from suffering at all seasons of the year. If, in addition, there are jack-fruit, mango, lime, and tamarind trees, the family is supplied with dainties.

These noble trees, with the dwelling in the centre, and perhaps a vegetable patch on one side, are inclosed by a high hedge, which shuts in and conceals every thing that pertains to the native home.

The hedge is for defence as well as

seclusion, and is usually made of something which can inflict injury on an intruder. The cactus, various thorn-trees, and a plant which is wholly composed of brittle, pipe-like stems, containing a sap poisonous to the eyes, are each much dreaded by such as are disposed to peer or break into their neighbor's enclosures. A number of these hedged-in grove gardens form a native village, which, if large, is intersected by many narrow lanes and by-ways.

In walking through these, the hedge, the tree-tops, and the sky, are all the eye can see, except an occasional passer, or a loungee under the hedge. A man, a few very small cows, a neglected looking black dog, a black boy leading a flock of almost black goats, a row of poor women carrying loads on their heads, and walking one behind another, may often be met with; and occasionally a

high-caste man with his two or three sons following him in single file, in the order of their respective ages, with jewelled ears and flowing robes; but rarely a woman of the better class, or any woman walking alone.

If, however, you can get admittance into one of their enclosures, you will soon find yourself surrounded by women and children. At sight of you, perhaps one will raise a shout; and not from that enclosure only, but from all the neighborhood, they will come in through gateways and gaps in the hedge, till you have a crowd gathered about you.

The women in this way pass to and fro through the premises of their relatives, and avoid appearing in the public highway.

The hedge is an ornament to the native village, and is attractive in that hot climate on account of the shade it fur-

nishes. The traveller over sunny rice-fields is glad when he approaches a village hedge, and can sit to rest in its shadow. Neighbor meets neighbor in the lane, and both crouch close under the hedge for a quiet chat, where they may be out of the way of the passer-by. The lame and the blind, the beggar and the outcast sit or lie all day beneath the hedge, where they have at least one comfort, a screen from the scorching sun.

These sheltered lanes and by-ways, with their occupants, remind one of that parable of Christ in which the kingdom of heaven is likened to the wedding of the king's son. It is said that when the friends who were first invited slighted the invitation, the king sent his servants into the *lanēs* and highways and *hedges*, to bring in the poor, the lame, and the blind; saying that none of those who

were first bidden should taste of his supper.

But what is this rough-looking doll set up under a tree in the outskirts of the village? It is carved in wood or moulded in clay, and so saturated with grease mingled with dust as to present a most uninviting appearance.

A man approaches, and reverently folding his hands over his face, bows low before it, and calls it his *Maker!* Acknowledging it as the bountiful Giver of all good, he sets before it fruits, nuts, grain, tobacco, etc., and entreats a blessing on his crops and labors. Is he not as senseless as the block he worships?

By and by a decrepit old man passes along. Turning round to face the idol, and clinging with trembling hands to his staff, he gets down by painful effort on his knees, and dropping his staff and stretching his hands upon the ground

before him, lays his face in the dust, and mumbles some adoration or petition, and then rising, totters on his way.

A child comes jumping and playing along the road ; but when he approaches the idol, his frolics cease, his little hands are clasped, he bows till his head almost touches the earth, and then keeping his eyes fixed on the object of his worship, he walks away backward.

A woman with an infant in her arms approaches, bows, presents an offering, and with persuasive smile teaches the babe, in whose hands she has placed a plantain or a lime, to give it “to Swamy,” that is, to their god.

None dare go by without respectfully saluting the image, and each keeps his face turned towards it for some distance as he passes.

Try to reason with them. The man in the prime of life complacently an-

swers, "This is our *custom*." The old man says, "Ah, this is as my father did." The little boy cries out, "Is not that the great God?" And the mother, who has begun the training of a soul for eternity, coolly replies, "I am a woman; what can I know?"

• Such scenes are often witnessed, such replies are often heard among the idolatrous people of the beautiful island of Ceylon.

Into the midnight darkness of these heathen homes a noble band of Christian men and women in America resolved, living or dying, to throw a ray of gospel light.



II.

IN June of the year 1819, a company of eight persons, including Rev. Miron Winslow and Mrs. Harriet L. Winslow, embarked from Boston in the brig "Indus." With hearts full of love to the Saviour, they left their dear native America for the untried scenes of missionary life in India.

About ten months later, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow came to the spot on the outskirts of Oodooville village which was to be their home among the heathen. The use of the premises had been obtained by the mission from the English government. The place looked desolate and repulsive. An old church and dwelling-house, built by the Portuguese near three hundred years before, were

going to decay. The creeping banyan reached and wound over and under, through and around the old walls, at once shattering and binding with its penetrating and clinging branches. The ground both within and without the walls was overgrown with tangled weeds and thorns and poisonous shrubs. Bats and owls resorted there, and the superstitious natives had not cared to disturb their gloomy abode. Scorpions and snakes found convenient lurking-places, and none disputed their possession. It was necessary to dislodge the reptiles, repair the walls, and put on a roof; but as soon as possible Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, with Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, who also had crossed the ocean with the "Indus band," established themselves in their new abode. There were walls and a roof, but neither floors, doors, windows, nor shutters. These they set

themselves to supply as best they could. Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Winslow tacked frames together for shutters, and stretched cords from side to side, and the ladies interwove them with palmyrâ leaves in a kind of basket-work. A floor of earth was soon laid.

With these rude temporary accommodations they joyfully contented themselves, thankful that they were permitted to be *at home* among the heathen, and saying one to another, "I never was so happy before."

In front of the mission grounds was a wide, open common, extending a mile or so, part of which was used by the natives as a burning and burying ground. In the rear and on either side were native villages.

Near the mission-house was a Pae Koil, that is, a temple in which an evil spirit is worshipped. Here the native

tom-tom beat its dull, ceaseless *tum, tum, tum*, mingled with the shouts and yells of the excited worshippers, the blowing of horns, the ringing of bells, the striking of cymbals, the clatter of brass plates and bowls, and the jargon of every available implement of racket.

The sweet sounds of prayer and praise, wafted from the house of God in our Christian land, fall gratefully upon the ear; but this senseless din, heard sometimes through the night for weeks together, was a kind of torture.

Still the hope of leading these people to Jesus cheered and animated the hearts of the missionaries.



III.

THIS home in a heathen land was cheered and made more home-like by the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, January 12, 1821. He was called Charles Lathrop, after his maternal grandfather.

When Charles was very small, there came one day two little native girls and stood outside of the house. They lived very near, and one of them was a daughter of the man who kept the heathen temple. They had heard that there was at the mission-house a little white baby dressed in nice white clothes, and they wanted to see it. They had never seen a white baby before, or a baby that wore a dress.

They did not venture very near the

first time ; but day after day they came and lingered about the house, and sometimes peeped in at the door, and sometimes at a window. Charles' mamma wished very much to do them good, but if she spoke a kind word to them they would run away as if they were frightened. One day they ventured to stop and listen to what was said, and afterwards they sat down for a while on the door-step. At another time Mrs. Winslow was much pleased to find they would accept some fruit that was offered them.

The Tamilians think it quite a condescension to receive food from white people, or from any who do not observe their rules in regard to eating, cooking, and contact with people in lower positions. Therefore it was thought a great advance made when the little girls were willing to receive something eatable from a missionary lady, even if

they dared not eat it on the mission grounds.

After a while they were so far won by the kind treatment they received, that they would venture to take a needle and piece of cloth in their hands, and try to learn to sew.

They were promised that each one should be presented with a little sack or jacket, as soon as she would learn to make it. This seemed a grander thing to them than a set of costly furs, or an elegant silk dress would to many a little girl, or a fine new suit of clothes to many a little boy in America. Now they came every day, and sat two or three hours in the doorway.

Mrs. Winslow was very happy to find she could do something for their benefit, and she next tried to persuade them to learn to read. In this too they became interested, and would spend the

greater part of every day at the mission-house. Indeed they seemed to feel almost as if it were their home.

Their parents finding that they liked to be with Mrs. Winslow and Mrs. Spaulding, and were happy and out of mischief, were willing to have them spend most of their time on the mission premises, but would not consent to their living there, though Mrs. Winslow offered to take them. They could not think of allowing them to eat food cooked in the dishes of the missionaries, or to eat any food on their grounds, because the rules of their caste forbade it.

By and by several natives, who saw how these little girls came every day and sat down with their kind instructors and learned to read and sew, began to wish that some of their little ones could have the same advantages. The nurse who took care of Charles requested that her

little daughter might come and live with Mrs. Winslow, and was allowed to bring her.

Another woman brought her daughter, and a man brought his sister to live with the missionaries.

● Still the two little day scholars were not allowed to remain with them. One night there was so violent a storm that they could not go home, but were obliged to stay at the mission station till morning. Compelled by hunger, one of them ate of the food which was prepared for them, but the other spent the night fasting. Some weeks after, the father of the child who had eaten, came with her, and requested Mr. and Mrs. Winslow to keep her. "You have been a father and mother to her," he said, "so you may now take her."

Thus by kindness and patience the missionaries gained the confidence of the

people, till many brought their children and committed them to their care. They were very thankful for the opportunity to teach these little ones much that was useful, to train them in good habits, and try to lead them to the Saviour of sinners.

Thus commenced the "Female Central school of Oodooville."



IV.

THE name of Charles' nurse was Archie. This is a Tamil word which means mother. She was indeed very kind and motherly.

Though at the time she came to take care of him she was a heathen woman, yet there was much in her which would have interested even a stranger. She was tall and dignified, with a mild and thoughtful face, and regular pleasing features. She was dark, but not as dark as many of the natives. She wore a white cloth, wide enough to reach from her waist to her feet, arranged in easy folds, and wound several times about her person, while one end of it was spread like a shawl over her shoulders, and when she went into the street, was drawn up to cover her head.

When Charles was very little, she used to carry him in her arms about the garden, pick orange blossoms for him to admire or smell, or pull to pieces, and gather little cocoa-nuts for him to roll on the piazza. She would show him the little stream of water which flowed through the garden. Or she would hold him in her arms while he looked up to watch the water-drawer as he trod the well-sweep.

This well-sweep was similar in some points to the old-fashioned well-sweeps still found in some places in America. A tapering beam 30 or 40 feet long, cut out of the tall shaft of the palmyra-tree, is balanced near the centre on a strong pivot, which rests on two uprights, standing three or four feet apart. From the smaller end of the beam is suspended the long rope or pole to which the bucket is attached, and at the large end heavy

stones are fastened proportioned to the quantity of water which the bucket will hold.

On the upper face of the beam are cut notches in which the foot may be placed, at intervals convenient for stepping; or sometimes, instead of these, stout wooden pins are inserted on either side of the beam.

Two or three tall slender trees are also often planted on either side of the well-sweep, so trimmed as to allow it to pass up and down between them, and yet within reach of the water-drawer or climber, by which he may steady himself if necessary.

The well is usually six or eight feet wide, and the curb, instead of being a frame-work of boards, is a low thick wall, commonly covered with fine cement. The bucket is made of strips of the stem of the palmyra leaf, a little more than

half an inch wide, braided together. It is tough as leather, and when soaked becomes water-tight, and makes an excellent light bucket.

On going to work, one man stands on the well-curb, bucket in hand, ready to let it down, while another begins mounting the well-sweep at the large end, which is resting on the ground. Up he runs step by step, and reaches the point where the beam is supported by the pivot. High in air beyond him stretches the beam, and still up he runs. Surely he will tumble into the well. His weight must immediately bring down the bucket-end of the beam up which he is climbing, and he cannot escape a fall.

But see ; he balances himself securely, as the bucket-end comes down. The bucket dips, he turns and runs up again till the heavy end of the beam is weighed down, and the other end rises from

the water, lifting the laden bucket to the top of the well.

No sooner has the man at the curb seized the flowing bucket and poured out its contents, than the climber reascends the beam. So he goes see-sawing on the well-sweep, hour after hour; a living, moving make-weight. He sings cheerily as he works, and often, through the moonlight nights, the voice of the well-sweep treader, clear and sonorous, enlivens the lonely hours.

In the dry season, gardens and fields must all be watered from the wells. Channels, large and small, intersect the garden in all directions, and a portion of earth is drawn from each bed to form a ridge around it, making it hollow, and capable of holding water. Each plant must have its share. Let us watch the operation.

The large full bucket mounts swiftly

from the well, and is emptied into one of the large channels that run through the length of the garden. At first the water sinks into the parched earth. A few buckets are rapidly emptied, and soon the stream flows full and fast.

The intersecting channels are closed, and the thirsty plants seem to pant as they hear the brooklet murmuring by. Arrived at the end of its course, it reaches an open bed, and flows gently in, and laves the roots of the waiting plants.

The gardener stands watching the approach of the flood, and when this bed has enough water, he goes quickly to the nearest of the little channels, and with his foot or hoe pushes away a portion of the ridge that kept it closed, that the water may turn in there. Instantly he dams up with earth the portion of the channel leading to the beds that are full. Turning alternately to the right and left,

he opens the beds on either side with his foot, and closes as he advances the part of the channel below him, till every plant under his care is well watered. So dexterously is this done that the stream seems a living, conscious thing, turning at will to the right and left, seeking the plants, and allowing to each its due portion.

Two passages of Scripture are illustrated by this method of irrigation. "Thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot." Deut. 11:10. "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers," channels, "of water; he turneth it whithersoever he will." Prov. 21:1.

V.

ARCHIE, Charles' nurse, was very fond of her little charge, and had many odd ways of amusing him. She would look up sea-shells or white pebbles, and seating the little boy upon a mat on the floor in front of her, would toss and catch them on her fingers, while he watched their changes of position. When he was tired and sleepy, she would sit upon the floor with her back against the wall, extend her feet, put a pillow across them, and laying his head upon the pillow, and his feet in her lap, would rock her feet from side to side, and thus make him one of the best of cradles.

In the month of January the weather in Ceylon is often delightful, and the scenery beautiful. Rain has fallen al-

most every day for six weeks, and sometimes as violently, for days and nights together, as it does in a hard thunder-shower in America. Now every part of the island is robed in the most charming verdure.

The fog of the morning lifts, and shows every leaf dripping and sparkling. An hour of tropical sunshine clears the earth of dew and the air of vapor, and sets every thing aglow with warmth and life. The sky is of such an exquisite blue, that one cannot be satisfied with looking at it; while masses of white cloud, like mountains of snow, piled one upon another, tower and float and dazzle with their brightness.

The broad rice-fields stretch like seas of emerald from village to village, the tall grain waving and bowing its myriad heads under the strong north monsoon.

The rice-field is skirted on every hand

by the grove gardens of the village. Here all looks fresh and beautiful. The areka, with a trunk so slender that a hand can almost grasp it, flashes its brilliant leaves high up in the sunshine. The towering cocoa-nut, with its feathery head, bows and bows lower and lower as the wind bears down upon it, then tosses its proud plumes high in air again, till you fancy it looks as haughty as it before seemed graceful and condescending. The stately jack-tree, with its thick dark polished leaves, contrasts richly with the tamarind, a graceful tree, whose leaves are very light in hue and delicate in texture. The plantain shows its dozen or so of mammoth leaves, each one looking like a yard or two of green silk flung upon the breeze. The palmyra, the lime, the orange, the pomegranate, and other fruit-trees are in their glory, and giving promise of delicious fruit.

It was in such a season that, on the day before his second birthday, Charles' parents took him with them for a pleasant ride. A strange little carriage it was in which they used to ride, as though two rattan chairs were set face to face on a platform placed on wheels, and covered in with a frame of basket-work. This little vehicle was usually drawn by four or five men, who were so poor as to be very thankful for an opportunity to earn four or five cents apiece by drawing a bandy, as this little carriage was called, with two or three persons in it, for several miles. Usually they were very careful and trustworthy; but on this occasion, whether by carelessness or by some unavoidable mishap, the bandy was overturned, and Charles had a narrow escape with his life.

As he grew older, Archie watched his steps as he ran from flower to flower in

the garden, admiring their color and fragrance.

Oodooville garden was now a pleasant spot. Mr. Winslow had brought choice trees, and set them out on all sides of the house. There were almond and orange trees, cocoa-nut, plantain, and lime. He had laid out a circular road, leading from the gate to the house, thence to the girls' school-room, and to the gate of entrance again. This road, and a walk which ran through the circle from the front steps, were lined with flowers and shrubs, which Mrs. Winslow, with all her cares, had contrived to collect and cultivate. There were the fragrant jessamine and myrtle, the amaranth and box; there were roses of different varieties, and shoe-flowers and oleanders.

Here Charles played, or rather worked; for, like many other boys of three years, he seemed to think himself quite

a man of business. When furnished with boards and hammer and nails, he was a carpenter, and tried to build houses. Sometimes he was a cook, and placing three lumps of old mortar or broken brick near each other on the ground for a furnace, with bits of eekku, that is, the woody fibres of the cocoa-nut leaf, laid between them for fuel, and taking cocoa-nut shells for boilers, and perhaps the beautiful seeds of the pomegranate for rice, and rose leaves or orange blossoms, or bits of oleander for curry, he would carry on such nice little cooking processes as it would delight any little boy or girl to have a share in.

Again he was a gardener, and would dig and plant, and with a cocoa-nut shell for watering-pot, would dip water from one of the channels which coursed through the garden, and water his plants.

Charles' mamma used to talk to him

about the Christian land from which she came, and about his grandfathers and grandmothers and other relatives, and he early learned to look to the home of his parents as a better land.

Often at evening he saw his mother take her seat at her desk and write to her friends in America. So when little over three years old, he came one morning and begged his mother to give him paper and pencil, that he might write to "ma's country." He soon covered with scrawls as much paper as his mother gave him, and then asked that it might be "put away carefully to be sent in the ship to America." He often spoke too of going in a great ship to see grandpa and grandma, and was one day overheard praying that pa and ma might go to America.

There were about Charles no lovely examples of good children to be held up

for his imitation ; but, on the contrary, he was surrounded by those who would have liked to lead him astray in paths of sin ; and great watchfulness was needed to keep him from their evil influence.

When first learning to talk, he acquired the Tamil language much more rapidly than the English, because all the people around him, and the girls in the school, were continually talking Tamil in his hearing, whereas he seldom heard any one speak in English except his father and mother.

Often when his mother overheard the profane and obscene language of the natives, she wished that she could shut up herself and the dear boy together, where he could hear nothing of it ; but had she done so, she would herself have been useless in the mission. She could not then have had her little flock of native girls about her to be taught. She could

not have won the confidence of their heathen parents by a friendly and hospitable reception of them. She could not have attended to the native traders who came to supply the school with rice, clothing, and other necessaries. She could not have gone to the houses of the natives to visit their sick, or converse with the women about their souls and the Saviour.

Moreover, his parents wished him to become familiar with the Tamil language while young, for they said, "Should the Lord change his heart and make him a preacher of the gospel to this people, it would be a great advantage to him to have known their language in early life."

VI.

CHARLES had a little sister, who now began to share his sports and add to his enjoyment. He loved to see her little fingers imitate his movements, as he imitated the operations of older people. He loved to show her a bright flower, or a humming bird, or a golden beetle, and hear her tones of pleasure. If she was trying to go down the steps, he would stand in front of her, and put one hand under each arm, and be ready to catch her if she tottered. He seemed to think that such a very little girl needed a great deal of care from her older brother.

But one day Charles was hammering away, very much engaged about something, and Harriet stood close by looking on, when with a sudden movement

she placed her little hand under the hammer, and received its blow. This grieved him very much, and led him to be more than ever watchful and tender of her. He was a very active and resolute little fellow, but perfectly obedient.

When he was a little over four and a half years old, he was presented with a fine large kite. The natives are very fond of kite-flying, and excel in making musical kites. Charles was delighted with his kite. His activity in running over the fields with it, was in striking contrast with the lazy movements of native children. Harriet also shared his pleasure.

Charles loved his sister Harriet more and more. The older they grew, the more united they seemed, sharing every trouble and every joy. A younger sister named Joanna now also claimed a share of his love.

When he was nearly five years old, his father and mother took him with them on a voyage to Calcutta, but they were obliged to leave his two little sisters at home. Their good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, who then lived at Manepy, a mile and a half from Oodoo-ville, agreed to take care of them till Mr. and Mrs. Winslow and Charles should return. Harriet was pleased to be at Manepy, and parted from her father and mother and brother Charles with a cheerful smile, while little Joanna, seated on the floor among her toys, understood nothing of what was going on.

The voyage from Ceylon to Madras was made in a native boat, called a dhoney, small, rough, smoky, and uncomfortable; the remaining voyage from Madras to Calcutta was in an English ship.

On the ship Charles seemed quite in his element, and found various ways to amuse himself. He watched the sailors as they climbed the ropes, or reefed and unfurled the sails, and the helmsman as he put the helm to larboard or to starboard. He looked into the compass-box, and saw how the needle showed the north. He was especially interested in observing the movements of the officers when taking solar observations. He imitated all he saw, clambered up the ship's sides, climbed the ropes, and made mimic instruments for taking observations.

It was soon after their arrival in Calcutta, and very near Charles' fifth birthday, that a letter came from his Ceylon friends, bringing the tidings that his darling sister Harriet had died of cholera, and that little Jane Spaulding, whom also he dearly loved, had died of the same

disease. The effect of the news upon him was singular. He looked steadily at his father when he told him, but said nothing; and when afterwards he heard the dear children spoken of, he was silent, and seemed reluctant to listen. Though formerly he had spoken of them twenty times a day, always planning to tell them of what he saw and heard, and getting something to carry them, he now never mentioned their names.

After about ten days he was one evening amusing himself at his mother's side, unusually affectionate and free, and looking up suddenly, he said, "For many days I did not like to talk about Harriet and Jane. When mamma talked about them, I wished she would not talk so."

"And can you now talk about them?" she asked.

"Yes, now I will." He then made

many inquiries about them, how long they were sick, and whether they had much pain; and was quite affected when his mother told him that his sister called "Charles" twice a few minutes before she died. He afterwards spoke of them often, and was anxious to know what Harriet wanted when she called him. After reflecting one day, he said, "I think I know. I think she wanted to tell me to be a good boy, and pray, and love God." Sometimes he was heard saying to himself, "Dear Harriet's dead; poor Harriet's dead;" and one day he said to his mother, "Don't mamma know how many times she said, 'I want to die and go to God?' Now I think Harriet is in heaven."

On his return voyage he talked much about death, and his mind seemed often occupied with thoughts about the soul's return to God.

After he reached home, he often went to the little grave in the corner of the garden where his sister was laid, and at one time came to his mother, saying, "Why, mamma, do you not go and see where dear little Harriet lies? She is very near the little baby, side by side."

He now often spoke of her, and mourned much that he could not see her. He said, "Oh, mamma, if God had let dear little Harriet live till we came home, how glad I should be. I want to go to heaven, then I can see her;" and he was heard to pray that God would let him die soon, so that he could see Harriet.

Charles had been absent from home about six months, and during that time little Joanna had grown much, and was old enough to begin to play with him. He was very kind to her, yet felt that it was not like playing with Harriet. But

the more he took care of her, the more he loved her, and the more cheerful he became.

A few more months passed away, and November came, the month in which his loved Harriet died. He still continued very tender in every thing that was connected with her. On that day Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding came to Oodooville to spend the day with their friends, bringing with them their little daughter Elizabeth. Little Harriet had died at their house, and their own little Jane died on the same day. They talked of the dear little ones who had gone to heaven, and of those who were still left in their care.

Mrs. Winslow called Charles and Joanna and Elizabeth Spaulding aside, said a few words about Jane and Harriet, and after a prayer, proposed to them each to repeat a verse of a hymn. They

stood up together, and Charles of his own accord began to repeat the verse,

“Tell me, mamma, if I must die
One day, as little baby died?” etc.

He faltered and stopped, and was for some time a good deal affected. It had been a favorite hymn of Harriet's.



VII.

POISONOUS snakes are very numerous in Ceylon. They sometimes creep into the house, mount the wardrobe, twine around the bedposts, or steal along the sofa. The cobra-capella, or hooded snake, is so called because when excited it erects and expands a portion of the skin of the head, looking like a kind of hood. Its bite causes speedy death. The bite of the beaver snake causes blood to gush from the nose and mouth, and is also certain death.

The houses of the missionaries at Oodooville were not ceiled overhead, but were open to the rafters and palmyra-leaves or tiles which formed the roof. Lizards, white ants, and snakes sometimes found a shelter or a home in the

quiet roof, and occasionally one missed its hold and fell to the floor, or perhaps alighted on the head or shoulder of some one in the room.

When Charles was not far from six years old, his mother took him with her to attend a meeting at Manepy. During the service, Charles became tired and sleepy, and his mother laid him on a mat upon the floor, putting a pillow under his head, that he might sleep. The little circle rose at length to sing the parting hymn; and when it was finished, as Mrs. Winslow turned to sit down, she saw a beaver snake at her feet. What was her horror to see the snake glide directly towards her sleeping boy, who lay about a yard from her. But Mrs. Winslow had much self-possession. She knew that if she did any thing to startle the creature, or even if Charles should rouse and move but a little, it would be likely

to bite, and she held herself in breathless stillness while the snake passed over the whole length of Charles' body, under his pillow, then back over his face.

It is not easy to imagine the mother's feelings at that sight; but we are sure that those anxious moments were spent in prayer to Him who only could save her child from death. The cold, smooth, soft, deadly creature soon glided away, and left little Charles unharmed.

One day at twilight something fell from the roof into the chair in which his mother was accustomed to sit at that hour. Supposing it was a stick, Charles ran to see, and put out his hand to take hold of it, when it showed itself to be a serpent. At another time one fell on him from the roof.

Such incidents are common, and the missionaries have often spoken with





gratitude of the kind Providence which preserved them from death by such means.

The people are always in dread of poisonous reptiles, keeping a sharp lookout for them in the daytime, and at night not venturing to go out without torches, which serve the double purpose of scaring them away, and of showing if any sluggish or bewildered one lingers in the path.

The natives treat them very politely, accost them with flattering titles, and yield them the road. To them every object of fear seems to be an object of veneration.

The cobra-capella is an object not only of veneration, but of distinct worship by the natives, in some places temples being erected and ceremonies performed in its honor. But missionaries and other foreigners beset them with deadly weap-

ons, and kill, if possible, every one they encounter.

I witnessed once a fierce conflict between that well-known missionary, the late Rev. Mr. Meigs, and the largest cobra I ever saw running at large.

We had turned from the direct road to ride through a portion of the adjacent field. We had scarcely entered the field when this cobra was seen crossing just before us. It must have been six or seven feet long, and two inches thick. Mr. Meigs, whose bandy was in advance of us, alighted for the purpose of killing it, when the creature, as though conscious of the presence of an enemy, quickened its pace towards a hole in the ground, and was half hidden in the earth by the time Mr. Meigs had secured such a weapon as the place furnished. An instant might not be lost, and by a skilful leap Mr. Meigs planted his heel upon

the tail of the snake before it was quite drawn in. An easy prey. No ; his face turns crimson. Horror is expressed in it. Look there ! A few feet off, from another hole in the ground, the head has emerged, the hood is hoisted, the eyes glimmer, the tongue shoots out, and agony hisses vengeance. The tail writhes from under the grinding foot ; a moment more and the maddened, deadly thing will be at liberty. Mr. Meigs at once both springs away and hurls his missile. The head of the snake is crushed, and the missionary's life is saved.

This was a case of unusual risk, but it was not far from Mr. Meigs' own house, and if the venomous serpent had lived, it might one day have caused the death of some of his family.

On the whole, the practice of killing all they encounter of these deadly creatures is the dictate of prudence as well

as of instinct. By their example, the missionaries have to some extent overcome the prejudices of the heathen against killing them.

They had been taught by their priests that snakes were leagued with evil spirits, who would avenge any injury done to the snake, and at first they looked for heavy punishments to fall upon the missionaries for killing them. But when they saw, as in the case of Paul, that no evil came to them, they concluded that the missionaries were wiser than their priests, and more favored of heaven.



VIII.

LONG before Charles learned to read, his mother was in the habit of reading Bible stories to him, and talking them over, that he might understand them. He greatly enjoyed these little talks, and became very much interested in Bible history.

When able to read himself, his first and favorite reading-book was the Bible, and he had the principal historical facts in the Old and New Testament treasured up in his mind when he had read but little else.

He was allowed to sit up and read in the evenings until eight o'clock, and his mother took much pains to explain what he read, and in various ways to make it pleasant to him. She felt richly re-

paid for her labor as she saw that he well understood and remembered what he read and heard, and was especially eager in listening to her talks about the Bible.

He read a little book called "Scenes in America," and was much amused by its pictures, and asked if the people he would see when he should go to America would "look and do so."

Charles remembered facts remarkably, and when a distinct thought was lodged in his mind, he retained it, and would quote it readily in conversation. He did not like studying rules in arithmetic or grammar, or learning spelling-lessons, or any thing which he did not well understand. He was not fond of committing hymns to memory, yet when about seven years old he had learned thirty or forty.

It is a custom among the wealthy hea-

then in Ceylon to burn the bodies of their dead. Charles one evening passed a funeral pile, and asked to go near and see it. His father went with him. The body was nearly half consumed, and the remaining half left quite exposed, as a strong wind was blowing the flame from it. Charles looked at it steadily without any remark, but his countenance as he walked away plainly showed that new and distressing thoughts were revolving in his mind. After his return home there was none of his usual cheerfulness, and he could not sleep on going to bed. It was long before he could banish the image of this scene, and he ever after referred to the sight as the most horrid he had ever witnessed.

Once a body was brought to be buried near the house, and Charles went out with a friend who was staying at his father's to witness the burial. The

grave was too narrow, and, as is often done, some one stepped upon the almost naked body and pressed it down with his feet. This was another shock to his feelings, from which he did not soon recover, especially as he was often reminded of both these scenes by the flames of the funeral pile quite in view from the front door, and by the dead being constantly buried on both sides of the road leading down from the house.

One evening when his mamma was speaking of eternal punishment, Charles seemed surprised to learn that those who enter the world of woe have never after an opportunity to repent, and it was difficult to convince him that they cannot put an end to their sufferings by killing themselves. He asked, "If Jesus should come to them and call them, would they not love him and go to him?"

When he was about seven and a half

years old, he first began to think of his danger as a sinner against God, and at that time wrote to his grandma Lathrop:

“OCTOBER 28, 1828.

“MY DEAR GRANDMAMMA—I was going to write to you for a long time. At first I had the measles, next mamma could not attend to me, then dear little George died. I am very glad now that these difficulties are over, and that I can write to you a little. We are very sorry that he is gone, but we hope that he is happy. I have not seen such a lovely boy in my life. He would come to me next to papa and mamma. I took a great deal of care of him.

“I am very anxious about my soul. I think that if I do not repent of my sins, I must go down to the bottomless pit.

“I wish to come to America, but I cannot, because George died, and mam-

ma has only one son. Tell aunt Fanny I thank her for her letter, and that I hope to write to her soon. Please to give my love to her, to my other aunts and uncles, and more than all, I send love to yourself and grandpapa. I wish to hear about my little cousin George, and about all mamma's relations, when you write; and I hope God will keep you all alive till I see you.

“Your affectionate grandson,

“CHARLES LATHROP WINSLOW.”

The following he wrote to his grandfather Winslow.

“MY DEAR GRANDPAPA—I have written to grandmamma Lathrop, and I think that my next letter must be to you. I am a little boy, but I have heard of grandpapa Winslow, and I wish to come to America and see you. I had a little brother named George, and he was a sweet little boy, and loved me, and I

loved him very much ; but he died, and now I have one sister.

“ Papa and mamma say that if I am a good boy, perhaps I may come to America when I am ten years old. I hope I shall see you and grandmamma and all my friends when I come. I am learning arithmetic, geography, Latin, spelling, and writing. I suppose I do not learn so fast as boys in America do, but I hope I shall when I come there. Joanna is not old enough to write you now. Mamma says she looks like aunt Morton. Please to give my love to grandmamma, and to all my uncles, aunts, and cousins.

“ I am your affectionate grandson,

“CHARLES L. WINSLOW.”

One evening he felt his sins and danger so deeply, that he begged his mother to pray with him, and then he prayed alone and with her three or four times, seeming to feel that he could not go to

bed till his sins were pardoned and he had a new heart.

He began to be concerned about the heathen too, and one night while praying for them, he said, "May the Holy Spirit come down as the rain, and water all this dry country, and keep it wet, and not let it get dry and hard any more, that the people may be always ready to receive the seed of God's word."

He had noticed that during the dry season the fields became so dry and hard that the farmer had to wait for the early rains to soften the earth and make it ready to receive seed, and he knew that the hearts of the heathen would not receive the seed of heavenly truth unless first softened by the Holy Spirit.

The following he wrote to his grandfather Lathrop.

“JANUARY, 1830.

“MY DEAR GRANDPAPA—I have written to grandmamma, but she has not answered me, and I write to you. I think that I cannot find any thing interesting; but I will tell you that a week ago we went to Tillipally, and went to the sea north of Tillipally and got a basket full of shells; and went into the water the first day, but did not have so fine a time as we had the next day, for then I swam a little. I think that I will come to America. Joanna is sitting by mamma's side and sewing, and we are expecting every moment aunt Spaulding and Elizabeth, and then we shall leave our work and run. We are expecting things from America, and shall be very glad of the book which grandmamma has sent. The lessons that I get are a scripture lesson before breakfast; and after breakfast the first lesson is Latin, the second

is Tamil, the third is arithmetic, the fourth is writing, the fifth is geography, and the sixth is spelling; and after dinner the first lesson is history, and then my journal.

“Your affectionate grandson,

“CHARLES L. WINSLOW.”

Charles was now about nine years old. The girls' school, of which his mother had charge, had become so acceptable to the people, that more girls were brought for her to instruct than the funds of the mission could support. There were also a number of other natives about the mission premises, employed in various ways.

The rules of caste do not allow one person to do a variety of work. The one who washes dishes will not take off the food remaining on the plates at table. The one who makes the beds will not sweep the floors, etc. The natives

usually come for a while each day and do their allotted portion of work, and return to their homes, receiving only from one to two dollars per month as their wages.

Natives were constantly standing about the door, waiting for some small job of work which might bring them a few pennies, or else seeking some favor, as the gift of a spoonful of tea or sugar. They will come great distances to obtain a trifle. . A poor woman who came one day to Mrs. Winslow for a few grapes or raisins for a sick child, in going and returning walked twenty miles.

It was Mrs. Winslow's daily custom to assemble, after tea, the school-girls and other natives who were on the premises, read to them a portion of Scripture, and pray in the native language. Thus a large number of people were continually brought under religious instruction,

and some of the children of the school had been hopefully converted.

Charles began to be a good deal troubled at the thought that children of the heathen were converted, and he was not. In his times of more than usual seriousness, he seemed impressed with the danger that these feelings would not last. He would sometimes pray with tears that he might not be suffered to grieve the Holy Spirit "this time," as he had "done before." He said, "These feelings go off so soon ; that is the difficulty, mamma."

Not long after, he had an attack of fever. For a day or two he was very sick, and his parents feared he might not live. One morning his mother, who had watched him anxiously, seeing him a good deal better, allowed him to sit up. She told him that now he might get well, and she hoped he was thankful

to his heavenly Father, but that perhaps God might see fit to send more sickness upon him, to make him think more of death and of being prepared for it. He burst into tears, and said, "Mamma, I am not afraid to die; I know very well that God has not given me up."



IX.

THE school with which Charles was associated so closely, and which shared so largely the care and labor of his parents, differed widely in many respects from a boarding-school in this country. The prime difference was this, that the board and tuition were gratuitous. It was conducted on a plan of strict economy, and with some reference to harmless tastes and usages in the community in which it was established.

The girls' rooms were built under a beautiful grove of cocoa-nuts. A wall of earth above five feet in height, inclosing a parallelogram of sixty by twenty feet, was surmounted by an open railing of slabs cut from the palmyra-tree. The roof, which projected far enough beyond

the walls to shelter the piazza, was thatched with palmyra leaves. The space enclosed was divided into two rooms, which each opened upon a piazza that extended along three sides of the building.

The furniture of each of these rooms consisted of one wardrobe containing clean clothes and jackets, and one mat and pillow for each girl. Bedsteads, or chairs, or tables, however rough, would have been too expensive; and their accommodations here were fully equal to any they would have had in their own homes.

They were dressed alike, each in a few yards of coarse white cotton, arranged as a skirt, but without seam, and a short white sack or jacket. Their faces were round, smooth, bright, and often pretty, varying in shade from that of a Chinaman to that of an African. The

lighter shades predominated much in the school. Their hair was long, straight, and black.

Respectable native women take much pride in their hair, and seem sometimes to regard it with a sort of affection. Indeed when we consider the effort that is needful in a warm climate to keep luxuriant heads of hair in comfortable and decent condition, we may well allow them for their painstaking the enjoyment of a little self-gratulation.

The weekly "head-bathing," as the natives call it, was a noticeable feature in the domestic arrangements of the school, and was conformed to the best usage of the country.

The Oodooville girls wore their hair in what ladies here call a Grecian knot, the native women generally in the most approved "waterfall." It is probable that both these fashions were introduced

into Paris from India. Fashions in India are unchangeable, handed down from remote ages.

The girls rose early. Their breakfast was light, consisting sometimes of warm rice gruel, sometimes of cold rice, eaten either with curds, or with cayenne peppers cut up and mixed through it.

The morning hours before school were occupied in family worship, and in attending to the cleanliness and order of the premises and preparing the food.

The cooking was done in a small room built by itself at a little distance from the sleeping rooms. In a warm climate, and especially where there is no such thing known as a chimney, this is a necessary arrangement.

The older pupils took turns in assisting to hull the rice, grind the curry seeds, grate the cocoa-nuts, etc. The unhulled rice was first partially boiled,

and dried again, and then put in a large wooden mortar, and pounded with a long wooden pestle, made firm at the end by a band of iron. This process removed the thin yellow sheath that encloses the rice, and when sifted it was ready for boiling.

Three blocks of dried clay about a foot high, and placed a few inches apart, and set either on the ground or on a platform of brick, was the only stove that was necessary, and the superfluity of pipe or chimney to carry off the smoke was dispensed with.

Their dinner was always *rice and curry*.

Rice we are all well acquainted with, though we have not in this country very generally the art of boiling it to perfection, as in India, so that each kernel shall be thoroughly cooked and tender, and yet remain whole and separate.

Curry is not understood here, and

cannot be made here in perfection. We have not the ingredients in the right state, some we have not at all; nor have we the right tools and facilities which some of the processes require.

First we need cocoa-nuts fresh from the tree, which, when scraped on the native scraper and pressed, will yield two-thirds of a tumbler of juice, rich as cream, and far more luscious. We need the cocoa-nut scraper, which is a sort of circular saw in miniature, by which the cocoa-nut is scraped into coarse threads, which yield the rich fluid readily. We need the notched grinding stones with which to grind the coriander and cummin seeds, and the pepper corns and cayenne peppers, which give the curry its flavor and coloring and pungency. We need a little triangular bag of braided palmyra leaf in which to press, and through which to strain the grated co-

coa-nut. We need two or three of the delicate-flavored onions of Ceylon, as small as a nutmeg. We need sometimes a bit of green ginger, sometimes a fresh tamarind from the tree, sometimes a few cardamum seeds, sometimes a few cloves. We need a fresh lime or two. We need a native cooking vessel of the right shape, size, and material.

When we have all these, we may choose the staple of the dish. It may be a chicken, it may be a fish, it may be a bunch of green plantains, with a handful of shrimps, or it may be a joint of mutton, or many another article; but it must be stewed till tender, or fried in ghee, which is simply butter melted and strained.

The other ingredients named above having been duly prepared, must then be added in the right order, in right time, and in right proportion; and we

have a dish which most persons on the island, native and foreign, are glad to eat, if they can get it, twice a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. The curry is not eaten by itself, but is added to the rice on the plate of the person using it.

The school-girls took their meals upon the piazza attached to their sleeping apartments. They sat on strips of matting spread next the wall, and placed their brass plates before them, on the clean-washed brick floor. When the allotted portion, steaming and odoriferous, had been placed on each plate, every head was bowed, and one of the older pupils offered thanks, and asked the blessing of God. Then, the hands having just been washed, the thumb and first two fingers were employed to convey the food to the mouth, where they were careful to deposit it without ever touching

the lips. Each girl scoured her own brass plate, and kept it as bright as gold.

Three hours of the forenoon were spent in study. The little ones who were learning their A B C, placed their mats on the ground, and acquired these rudiments of learning by copying them in the sand.

A monitor sits in front of the pupil, and with her finger writes in the sand the Tamil A, and sings āna, āna, āna, a having the sound of ā in bar, and the learner makes an attempt to imitate both the singing and writing. Immediately the teacher draws her hand over her letter, and effaces it, and the pupil imitates this also. The singing, the writing, and the rubbing out are repeated many times, until the monitor thinks fit to vary the exercise by writing the next letter. The pupil, if this is her first lesson in reading and writing, will, in several at-

tempts, make only a dot, and rub it out. By and by she will make quite a curve with her finger in the sand, but it will be perhaps a curve in the wrong direction. Still the teacher accepts the attempt, and renews her pattern and continues her singing. She will occasionally take the hand of the learner, and help her to write it correctly. Thus they proceed, day by day, till the whole alphabet is learned. This method is original with the Tamilians, and is quite successful as to teaching reading and writing in its most limited sense. The pupil learns at once to recognize the shape and sound of the letters, and to form and pronounce them.

The girls were taught to read the Bible in their own language. They committed large portions of it to memory, as well as many Tamil translations of Christian hymns, and were accustomed

to answer the questions put to them with great readiness and intelligence.

The best scholars were carried forward in arithmetic, geography, and the native grammar and dictionary. The two latter are in poetry.

They were taught to sew neatly, and the older ones learned to cut and make their own jackets, also the jackets of the girls of the day-schools, of which there were, after a few years, large numbers at the different mission stations. Some of the pupils were afterwards employed as teachers in the day-schools.

Much religious instruction was given them, both on the Sabbath and in the week. Their duties to God and to each other, and to their heathen friends, were earnestly and affectionately enforced; and the truths of eternity were continually presented as motives to a life of faithfulness and love.

X.

DURING nearly the whole of the year 1830, the missionaries at the various stations in Jaffna had been seeking more earnestly than usual the power of the Holy Spirit to give effect to their labors, both among the heathen and for their own children. At length they had clear evidence that this divine gift was granted.

Many children who had been taught in the boarding and day schools were awakened, and expressed a wish to forsake idolatry and become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many prayer-meetings were held, and Charles attended them with much interest.

“These are new times indeed,” said Mrs. Winslow, “when every one readily leaves work and play, and resorts to the house of prayer.”

The woman who assisted in the care of the girls said to Mrs. Winslow, "Does not Ammah," that is, lady or mother, "see that they are reading or praying all the time?"

At one of the meetings held in Oodooville, a converted native, whose Christian name was Goodrich, and who had been spending the day in the seminary at Batticotta, related what he had witnessed there.

"Some," he said, "who have been possessed of evil spirits, are now sitting clothed, and in their right mind. Some who have been exceedingly opposed to the truth, who have held meetings to ridicule the Bible and those who love it, and have committed sins too bad to mention, are now with many tears crying to God for pardon. No one who has not lived with them as I have," he added, "and known them thoroughly, can conceive the change."

He spoke also of a meeting of some missionaries' children, when he had been near and heard their sobs and groans and prayers; and then, turning to Charles, addressed him with much feeling. Charles thought it new times to be thus addressed by a native, and was quite overcome.

At a meeting a few days later, another converted native, named Bailey, gave some account of his experience.

He said he "had been a long time like one sinking in a great ocean, where the sharks on every hand were coming at him with open mouths, trying to catch him, and each crying, 'He is mine,' 'He is mine,' when a boat was let down from a ship for his deliverance; but instead of jumping into it, he had kicked it away, and remained struggling for life, till, in great compassion, the master of the ship had again let down the boat, just in time

to save him. Now he hoped that he was safely in the boat, and he wanted all others to get in."

The pupils in the schools were not the only ones affected by this outpouring of the Spirit. Evening meetings in the villages were attended by large numbers of the villagers. Many adults were hopefully converted; and as the fruit of this awakening at the several stations, over sixty persons were received to the mission church.

Of this number were the two oldest children of the missionaries, H. B. Meigs and Mary A. Poor. The former died in a few days, rejoicing that she had been allowed to profess her faith in Christ before the heathen, and quietly yielding her spirit into the hands of that Saviour whom she had so recently found.

In December, 1830, Charles wrote the following letter:

“MY DEAR GRANDPAPA WINSLOW—
When grandmamma Lathrop asked me how I felt, I told her that first I hoped that I had given myself to Christ, but that I had a little doubt then ; but now I feel that I have truly given myself to Christ.

“On the 21st of December, mamma invited the children of the missionaries who wished to spend a day in seeking earnestly the salvation of their souls, to come to Oodooville, and four came ; the others were sick. One had a fever, and the other a bad cold ; but we had a very pleasant time. There has been a revival, as we hope, and many are inquiring, ‘What shall we do to be saved?’ and we hope that some have given themselves to Christ, and all the oldest children of the missionaries are feeling a good deal. We hope that two have given themselves to Christ.

“January 5. I have another sister. I

hope that God will keep you all till I come. Papa says that my sister has no name, and asks if you have a name to spare.

“Your affectionate grandson,

“CHARLES L. WINSLOW.”

Charles seemed at this period particularly desirous to be useful to the heathen, and often spoke to such as came to the house. He was very earnest for the salvation of the girls in the schools. One evening in particular they will never forget. His father and mother were absent. After seeing the little ones asleep, he proposed to have a meeting with the girls “as mamma does;” it being the evening she usually held a meeting with them, when he was generally present. He prayed and addressed them, as they afterwards said, with earnestness and feeling, such as they almost never witnessed. It was somewhat characteristic

of him that he said nothing of this to his parents after their return.

He was accustomed to accompany his mother when she distributed rice, and gave instruction to a company of beggars, who assembled weekly to receive it. Their miserable condition excited his deep compassion, and he often urged them to repent and believe in Christ.

He now loved to pray. It was his usual practice to pray in the morning alone, and in the evening with his mamma, after their reading a chapter of the Bible together. His prayers seemed the language of a mature Christian, sometimes very affecting, and proceeding from an overflowing heart. The burden of them was, that he might hate sin more and more, and be holy as Jesus is holy; with the strongest expressions of sorrow for sin, and longing to be freed from it, and “washed clean in the Saviour’s blood.”

“There is a fountain filled with blood,” etc., was a favorite hymn, to which he often alluded in his prayers.

Once at a quarterly meeting, when the members of native churches belonging to the different stations, assembled in one place for observing the Lord’s supper, during the sermon he was so affected as to weep, which he seldom did when he could be observed; and during the administration of the supper, he put his head behind his mother’s chair, and sobbed nearly all the time. On being asked why he wept, he said he felt as he never had done before, and he wanted to come to the Lord’s supper. This desire he often afterwards expressed, and regularly attended the meetings at the station, which were held for inquirers and those who wished to make a public profession of their faith in Christ.

XI.

WHEN Charles was nearly eleven years old, arrangements were made for his leaving his parents and going to America. He had often thought with pleasure of going to the land of his father and mother's childhood, but as the time drew near, the reality that he was to leave his parents and little sisters, and be separated from them for years, perhaps for life, was hard to bear. "Mamma," said he, "when we talked about it, it was not certain; but now that it is certain, I feel differently." One evening when bedtime came, he went to his mother as usual for his good-night kiss, then throwing himself down, he said, "Oh, these good-nights, where will they be on board ship?"

None but a mother can imagine the feelings with which Mrs. Winslow saw the time for his departure approach. She wrote, "I have no misgivings of judgment, but my feelings as a mother none can know. It is unnatural for parents to send a child of his age from them, with little expectation of seeing him again; but I have no doubt of my duty, and I think I give stronger proof of love to my child by this act, than I could possibly do by detaining him here."

During the last weeks of his stay at home, when the time for leaving was fixed, in all his prayers with his mother, which were very frequent, it was his special request that the Lord would comfort his dear parents when he was gone, and not let them be too sorry. He prayed in this way much more for them than for himself; and the fear that they would suffer from his absence seemed

more trying than any thing else. "I shall see many new things," he said, "and my mind will be diverted; but you, mamma, will be always in the same place."

On the 28th of December, 1831, Charles bade farewell to his parents and loved sisters, his Oodooville home, and those friendly natives who had assembled on the occasion.

His own feelings had been so tried in view of parting, that it affected his health. The natives gave touching proofs of their attachment, and when he had gone, some of those who lived on the premises withdrew to pray for him.

On the day of his leaving, his mother wrote :

"OODOOVILLE, Dec. 28, 1831.

"MY DEAR SON CHARLES—After you left us this morning we were all sad enough for a time, but I hope were satis-

fied with your leaving us, believing, as we do, that it is for your best good. I heard a number of persons praying for you, some in English, and some in Tamil, and have no doubt that many will continue to pray for you daily. I trust that you in turn will not forget to pray for these poor people, as well as for all your friends here.

“You will be glad to know that I feel comforted and thankful for the pleasant manner in which you left us, and for the prospect you have of being before long in the happy land of your fathers.

“My dear child, I hope you are comforted by the Spirit of God. Trust at all times in your Saviour. Cleave to him. Whatever else you do, never forsake or be ashamed of him. I feel anxious about you at all times; but when I go and pray, I feel better, for I know that God can take care of you. You must not





think too much of my being troubled at your absence.. I can do any thing for your good, and am glad to suffer for your sake if necessary."

Mr. Spaulding accompanied him to Madras, to see him on board the ship "Star," in which he was to sail for America. On his journey and during his stay there, which occupied a little more than three weeks, he wrote to his parents ten notes and letters. They describe his journey from day to day over land to Madras, as he went from his kindred and home to take ship for far-off America.

"DEC. 29, 1831.

"MY DEAR MAMMA—Last night we did not get to Kaites till late in the evening, and this morning, as papa will tell you, we had some difficulty in persuading the boatmen to draw up the anchor, and set sail; but at last they did so, and papa.

went ashore, and we set sail about half past four.

“30th. Last night we came to a king’s rest-house, as they call it, and spent the night. I slept in one palankeen, and Henry* in the other, while Mr. Spaulding slept on the top of them both. This morning three men brought three black bears, and made them dance. The bears made salams,† and showed how the soldiers carry their guns to war, and how they fall when shot, and what they do when one leg or arm is broken, and how they ride on horseback.”

“DEC. 31, 1831.

“MY DEAR MAMMA—Yesterday afternoon we left about four o’clock, and arrived about eight in the evening at Pat-ticotta, one of the king’s rest-houses. There we stayed till about one o’clock, then started and came to Oratta about

* Henry Woodward.

† Bow of salutation.

six o'clock this morning. It is a very pretty place, and is surrounded by a fine garden with very many different flowers that I never saw before. There are both red and white shoe-flowers. The house itself is very fine. There is also a species of plantain-tree; it grows like the cocoa-nut-tree, and the leaves are like the leaves of the common plantain, but spread out only two ways like a peacock's tail. I have not forgot your last request, and I have done it with love to do it."

"JANUARY 2, 1832.

"MY DEAR PARENTS—On Saturday afternoon we started about half past two o'clock, and arrived at Mr. Kohloff's about seven o'clock in the evening, and stayed there the next day. Sunday morning I went to the chapel, and Mr. Thompson preached an English sermon; but I did not understand it, as I had

not heard an English sermon for a long time. In the afternoon the country priest preached in Tamil, and I saw Mr. Swartz's and Mr. Daniel's graves.

"I read all the hymns that you selected for me, and as I was reading them I remembered that you selected them for me the last Sunday.

"This morning early, about two o'clock, we started from Tanjore, and came to Mr. Crisp's at Combaconum about ten o'clock. As we were coming along I saw a great elephant eating leaves, and also a horse made of chunam and brick, near a large temple. We crossed two rivers in boats, and passed through many dry beds of rivers.

"Tuesday, 3d. Last night I read a part of the book of directions you gave me. I want to hear from you as soon as I can. Give my love to all, and kiss to sweet sisters."

“JANUARY 4, 1832.

“MY DEAR PARENTS—Yesterday afternoon about five o'clock we left Combacoonum, and arrived at Mayapoorum a little after eleven o'clock in the night. Rev. John Devasagayam lives near the rest-house. It is very pleasant this morning.

“The catechist brought us a plate of very fine roses, and I wish I could give you and sweet sisters some. The arch-deacon is in Rev. John Devasagayam's compound; but we have not seen him since we saw him at Tanjore, as he is somewhat indisposed.

“About one o'clock we went out to cut bamboo canes. Mr. Crisp was so kind as to give each of us a bamboo staff of a peculiar kind of bamboo, which he got when he was on the hills west of Salem, where his brother was a missionary. But I wished to cut and send to papa.

“Thursday, 5th. Yesterday afternoon

we saw two great elephants carrying four men on their backs, and eating leaves as they walked along.

“’Tis very pleasant to-day. The trees here are so thick that Mr. Spaulding says they look like an orchard of apple-trees in America.”

“TAMPARKOO, Jan. 9, 1832.

“MY DEAR PARENTS—On Saturday morning at ten o’clock we started, and arrived at Pondicherry at half past five in the afternoon, and as we could not get fresh bearers there, we were obliged to stay at Pondicherry.

“The next day was Sunday, and as that is a Roman-catholic place, and as there is no chapel or church except Roman-catholic, we did not go far from the inn. I read some of the verses in the Bible which you marked for me, and learnt two hymns, in the book of hymns you marked.

“This morning at twelve o’clock we left Pondicherry, and arrived at this place at 8 o’clock. As we were coming along, we crossed two rivers in boats.

“I saw the parade on Friday morning in Cuddalore. I never saw one before.

“At Pondicherry a man brought six monkeys of a small species, which we do not see in Ceylon. Four of them had frocks on, two of them also had red caps, and they danced about, and made salams, and caught the stone-apple shells one after the other, as the man threw them up.

“This morning a juggler came here. In his bag he had a little dirty rag-baby, and a round stone a little smaller than a hen’s egg, and a small cocoa-nut, and a small stick, and a bunch of ola, and two cloth balls. He took the olas and struck the baby, at the same time squealing with his own mouth, pretending that the baby cried. He also took the stone

and swallowed it, and brought it back to his mouth again as he pretended. He took one of the balls and put it in his mouth, and kept the other in his hand, and put his hand on his breast, and pretended to bring out the ball which he had in his mouth; but he did not, but showed the ball he had in his hand.

“10th. About three o'clock yesterday afternoon we left Tamparkoo. We had no other breakfast but bread and milk; but for dinner, some good rice and curry, and saved some for supper.

“12th. We arrived at Madras, at Mr. Carver's, at a quarter past seven yesterday evening, in safety. This morning Mr. Spaulding went to inquire if the ship 'Star' had arrived.

“To day, as it is my birthday, I thought that if I had been at home I should get something; but after the letters came, I thought that these were my

birthday presents. I thank you very much for your letters to me. I do not like to send this letter because it is so badly and hastily written, but Mr. Spaulding says I must. Give my love to all, and kisses to sweet little sisters. Your affectionate and obedient son,

“CHARLES.”

“JAN. 3, 1832.

“MY DEAR SISTER JOANNA—Though I do not expect you will be able to write an answer to my note, yet I want to write to you. You must be a good girl, and mind your papa and mamma, and be kind to your little sisters. Try and supply my place and yours as well as you can. If you want to tell me any thing, you must ask mamma to write for you if you cannot write yourself.

“I saw a great elephant and many other things that you must ask mamma to read to you.

“Tell mamma and papa that I forgot to tell them why I did not go to see the different kinds of beasts at Tanjore. Though I wanted to, we had no time, as we got to Tanjore in the evening, and went away early in the morning. Give my love to papa and mamma, and a kiss to each of the sweet little sisters. Your affectionate brother, in haste,

“CHARLES.”

At one time he said to Mr. Spaulding, “I do very well through the day, but when night comes I think of mamma.”

The following note written in pencil was addressed to his parents from Madras.

“MY DEAR PARENTS—The ‘Star’ has not yet arrived, but I hope it will come soon, and I hope I shall soon get to America, and see my friends. I sometimes feel sorry; but then I hope that we may meet again in this world; but if

not, I hope we shall all meet in the world to come, on the right hand of God.

“I still feel that I have given myself to God, and that he will take care of me on the ocean and on the land, when I am alone, and when I am in different circumstances from what I should be if I was at home. At certain times I feel a good deal; but still I hope that God will take care of me and you all. Your affectionate son,

“CHARLES.”

On Friday, January 20, 1832, Charles embarked at Madras, in the ship *Star*, for America. He had one playmate on board, Henry, a son of Rev. Mr. Woodward, missionary in Ceylon; but with this exception, all on board were strangers. The captain, officers, and crew he had never seen before, and most of them seem not to have been kindly disposed towards missionaries; so that, besides

feeling himself among strangers, Charles had the trial of hearing his best friends reproached by those about him.

They were not able however to prejudice him against the missionary work, for we find him continually cherishing the hope that he should be permitted, when prepared, to return and labor as a missionary in his native island. Charles had learned to make the Lord his refuge, and in all his troubles he went to Him, and poured out his heart before Him; and the faithful and true God, who promises that he will cast out none that come to him, did not fail to comfort his young and lonely heart.

Writing had always been a task to him, and his faithfulness in his journal at sea, where it is generally difficult even for adults to write, and where there was no one to remind and urge him to it, is an evidence of his love for his parents,

and regard for their wishes, as well as of his habits of self-control. He wrote for nearly every day of the voyage, making on Monday his entries for the Sabbath.

A voyage furnishes very little incident for a journal. The ship moves on day after day for months together, through the same wide-stretched sea, with no other object in view but the water, sky, and cloud, and sometimes a bird or a fish, except when occasionally a ship is seen at a distance, or, very rarely, one approaches near enough for the inmates to hail each other. No visitors call from day to day, no news comes in, no one runs out to this shop or that neighbor's, no bell calls to Sabbath-school and church, no carriages or people on foot pass the windows, nor voices of children at play in the street fall on the ear. The waves perpetually toss before the eye in

all the distance round, and the waters make a sound incessant and unvarying, and the ship rocks, rocks, rocks, day and night, week after week, with little change except what is produced by an occasional and sometimes terrific storm.



XII.

“MY DEAR PARENTS—Ship Star, Saturday, January 21, 1832. Last evening, at eight o'clock, Mr. Spaulding left me on board and went on shore. We took up anchor, and sailed yesterday. As Mr. Spaulding was with me, I did not feel very unhappy; and when he left me I did not feel much, but now I feel the loss. This morning arrived at Pondicherry, where I wrote to you, and sent to Madras.

Sabbath, 22d. This morning I felt very much, and thought a good deal about you. There has been no preaching nor prayers.

“Yesterday afternoon we left Pondicherry. The ship's work has gone on as

common. I want to ask you if it is right to arrange things on board on Sunday.

“23. To-day we are in lat. $8^{\circ} 32'$, and long. 82° . Last night it began to rain, and it has rained till twelve this noon. I have been unhappy to-day. This morning one of the sailors died, who was sick when Mr. Spaulding came on board. This afternoon they threw him overboard.

“26. It has not rained this morning, and it has been very pleasant. I still feel a good deal, but the Lord has comforted me. I wish there was a Christian on board, that I could follow the example of; but I pray to God to show me how to walk. I have gone on with my lessons to day as common.

“Sunday, 29. I have been very unhappy to-day; but when I am, I go and pray, and am a little comforted. I

studied my Judson's Questions, catechism, and read the Bible a great deal; and I thought of you a good deal, especially when I thought you were in church, and wish I could be with you.

"30. I have not been so unhappy to-day as I was yesterday, but I have thought of you, especially when I thought you were at prayers, because they do not have prayers here.

"FEBRUARY 1. It has been very pleasant to-day, and I have been happy, but I have thought of you. Mr. Brown, the mate, caught a dolphin to-day. It is a beautiful fish. When it is in the water its back is all blue; but after it was caught, the blue turned into a gold color.

"3. I have thought of you a great deal to-day. I got all my lessons. It has been very hot, not much wind.

"The serious thoughts that I had I have still, and I love to read the Bible

and pray very much ; it seems to comfort me a great deal to pray.

“7. I have thought a good deal about you, my dear parents, but God has comforted me, and I hope he will comfort you. I know that you have sent me, intending it for my good, and I hope God will qualify me to become a missionary.”

Ships sometimes meet in mid-ocean, and as it is said, “Speak each other.” A man on the deck of one vessel shouts through a trumpet, “Ship ahoy, what’s your name?” Faintly comes the reply from the deck of the other vessel, giving its name. A few questions and answers are exchanged, and then if one vessel is sailing for the same country which the other has left, a package of letters is put on board, for friends left behind. If letters are not ready, one will hardly

have time to hasten to the cabin, scratch a few hasty lines, and rush on deck again, before the package is gone, and both ships are under full sail, fast receding from each other.

Charles commenced a letter, hoping he might have opportunity to send it directly to India.

“FEBRUARY 7, 1832.

“MY DEAR PARENTS—I commence a letter to you, in hope of speaking a ship coming to Madras or Calcutta. We are now, by the blessing of God, in lat. 17 53', and long. 71° 16'. We have had a great deal of rain thus far, but I hope we shall not have any gales off the Isle of France. On January 19th we heard of the arrival of the ship *Star* at Madras, and I was very glad to hear it. The next day we came on board. The next day was Friday, and in the evening at eight o'clock, Mr. Spaulding left us on

board, and went ashore. At ten o'clock the same evening, we took up anchor, and sailed down to Pondicherry. The next morning at eight, we anchored at Pondicherry, and at eleven o'clock in the night set sail again from Pondicherry. I felt very much on the next day, as it was the Sabbath, and I thought it was not kept as it ought to have been at sea, but I did not say any thing about it. I was unhappy so for ten or twelve days; then the Lord comforted me.

“11. I think of you a great deal, my dear parents and sisters, and ever remember you in my prayers, and I hope you do me. The serious thoughts that I had when I was with you have not left me, and I sincerely hope I am a child of God, and he will take care of me, if I am; and as there is no one on board whose example I can follow, I have to be always

on my guard against sin, especially on the Sabbath.

“One of the passengers is, I see, very much against the missionaries: I never saw any body so much against them as he is. He says they do no good at all, and that people will convince me so in America; but I hope they will not convince me.

“14. On Saturday evening, I thought a great deal of you, and the many pleasant evenings we had at home, but I know that the God that is with you is with me also. Four o'clock. Mr. Brown the mate, has just fired at two tropic birds and killed them both, and swam after them and got them.

“On Sabbath morning, I thought of you and the pleasant time you, and Joanna, and I used to have, and I wished I could go to church with you.

“In the morning, after praying, I read

the Bible till breakfast, which is at eight o'clock; then I study my Judson's Questions, catechism, and hymns, and at one o'clock, dinner; then I read the Bible till supper, at six in the evening; at eight, go to bed. In this way, I have spent all my Sabbaths since I came on board. I think of you and dear sisters all the time, but I hope we shall all see each other again in this world. Will you please to send, in the box of curiosities to me, a yam from my garden, as I left mine at Madras, and send some large shells, and some other curiosities for me or my friends in America? I dream every night about you, my dear parents and sisters. I have a comfortable place to sleep in, and good food to eat. I have been very well, and Henry too, though Henry has been very seasick, but I have not been. I want to tell you a great deal more, but I have not time enough.

So once more farewell to you all. Please give my love to the servants and girls, and kisses to sweet little sisters."

"14. It was very pleasant to-day till noon, then it began to rain, as it did yesterday. Yesterday afternoon, about three o'clock, we crossed the tropic of Cancer. I thought of you this morning. Last night I dreamed of being with you, but this morning I got up and found myself in a cabin.

"FEBRUARY 17. I have thought of you a great deal to-day, but the Lord has comforted me so far, and I hope we shall all meet again in this world, and I shall come to Jaffna as a missionary; but I hear a great deal against missionaries.

"Monday, 20. I write for yesterday as though I wrote on the Sabbath, but I do not write on the Sabbath, though all on board write their journals on that day, except Henry and me.

“22. This is General Washington’s birthday, and Mr. Allen fired his own double-barrelled gun with corks in the barrels, which were left in by accident by himself; it was wonderful indeed that they did not burst.

“When Mr. Allen fired his gun, he said, ‘General Washington—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.’

“26. We have had brisk breezes from west-south-west, very high sea; brought down the fore and mizzen royal-masts. I have never been in such a condition before.

“29. It has been very pleasant to-day. The doctor went up to the mast-head, and sung out, *Land!* To-day also saw land only forty-five miles off. We saw four or five large whales; one would lift up his head, another his tail. They were a little distance from the ship.

“MARCH 3. Very pleasant to-day, and this morning saw a ship, and at ten o'clock saw another. I was very glad to see the ships, though we did not get near enough to speak them.

“4. My dear and affectionate parents, sisters, and all other friends, I hope I shall see you all in this world; if not, I hope in the world to come.

“5. It has been blowing so hard that we have been obliged to lay-to under close-reefed maintopsail and spencers for nineteen hours together. The vessel rocks a great deal, so I can hardly write.

“6. It has been unpleasant to-day, and quite warm. This morning the doctor fished, and caught three most beautiful and delicious fishes. When they were caught they were of a gold color, and blue streaks on their backs.

“8. This morning we saw land indistinctly; but now, at two o'clock, see it

very plain. It is Bluff Point, bearing N. N. E. of us by compass. I am very glad to see land, but should be more glad if I was on it.

“9. We now have two sails in sight, and I hope we shall speak them. I like very much to see ships at sea. I want to see you all. I think of you always in my prayers.

“10. This morning at six o'clock we saw a brig. I think a great deal of you, perhaps too much. Oh, I wish I could be on land, or with you. I love very much to read the Bible and pray to God. He comforts me, and I hope you too.

“13. Pleasant to-day, but no wind scarcely, until just now a little breeze has sprung up. I long to see the land of my fathers. It does seem a very short time since I left you, but 't is now seventy-seven days.

“17. The days seem short.' But what

is life? it is but a vapor that appeareth for a little while, and then vanishes away. Do pray that I may be prepared for death when it comes.

“19. I am very comfortable here, but there is no retired place where I could go and read the Bible, and pray quietly. I think often how I used to come in your room and pray.

“24. Early this morning saw St. Helena bearing E. by N., distance about fourteen miles. St. Helena lies in south lat. $15^{\circ} 55'$, west long. $5^{\circ} 49'$; is ten and a half miles long, and six and a half broad. This was the place where Buonaparte was before he died, and where he was buried.

“26. Pleasant weather and delightful breeze. On Saturday I drew a sketch of St. Helena, and pasted in this book. I will draw a sketch of Bluff Point from the doctor's, which he drew.

“29. This morning Mr. Pearson gave me a little flying-fish, which I put in a bottle to keep.

“30. I often read this verse: ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.’ I ever remember you in my prayers.

“31. I saw a great many flying-fish to-day. This month of March seems to have passed away very soon. What is life?

“APRIL 7. At eleven P. M. crossed the equator.

“Sunday, 8. I got my catechism and learned a hymn, and read in the Bible and Pilgrim’s Progress. I have felt very happy to-day, and hope I shall be in America before long, and I hope I shall come back to Jaffna as a missionary.

“28. To-day three sails. The brig which we spoke yesterday was from Santa Cruz, bound to New York, fifteen

days out. Her fore and main topmasts were carried away by a squall ten days ago. She was overtaken by us.

“MAY 2. Saw fifteen sail, and at one o'clock took a pilot.”

As a pilot has come on board, we may hope to find dear Charles soon safely on land. The following note was addressed to his parents on board ship, but without date. It shows the same conscientiousness, the same love for his parents and other friends, and the same trust in God, which we meet with elsewhere.

“MY DEAR MAMMA—I want to tell you something about myself. I have a comfortable place to sleep, but it is so hot that it is very difficult to sleep. I hope I am a child of God; so I do not fear being on the sea, as I think I should if I thought I was not a child of God. I think a great deal of you and papa, and

dear sisters, and other friends in Jaffna ; but the Lord comforts me, and I hope he comforts you and my other friends. I do hope we shall all meet in this world.

“Do not feel anxious about my health, for I am very well, and have been very well since I left you, except a little turn I had at Mr. Carver’s. I ever remember you in my prayers, and I love very much to pray, and it seems to comfort me. I am afraid I hurt your feelings very much, and troubled you two or three days before I left you ; but do forgive me, for it falls now upon me as a great stone. I am very much troubled on your account, but do tell me when you write if you have forgiven me. Ask sister Joanna if she has forgiven me for treating her ill sometimes. Tell her I have forgiven her. Do send the book of directions as soon as you can, for I want it very much. Tell me how things

went on after I left you, and what you, papa, and sisters say and feel, and how it is with Archie and all the rest."

The following letters and parts of letters were addressed by Charles' mother to him after he left her.

"TUESDAY, Jan. 3, 1832.

"MY DEAR SON—This morning I sent a letter to Mr. Spaulding, in which was a note to you. Remember, my dear child, that your parents desire nothing so much for you as that you be a good boy in all respects; and to be so, you must continually ask help of God. You have heard the true saying, 'Praying will make us leave sinning, and sinning will make us leave praying.' Try to live as a Christian, and to do good by your example.

"Harriet says, now that you are gone to grandmamma, she is going too. Once

more, dear boy, farewell; and may the Lord bless you, prays your ever affectionate mother,

“H. L. W.”

“WEDNESDAY, Jan. 4.

“MY DEAR BOY—I sent you a note this morning, after which I went to Manepy, and spent the day. Mrs. Spaulding came this evening, and left Elizabeth and Edward at Oodooville, to stay while she is at Manepy. You would enjoy their company.

“You are remembered kindly, I trust, by all around; and if it should please God to permit you to come back to preach to the people, they would love you much more than they would a stranger whom they have never seen. My ever dear child, may Israel’s God be your God, and then all will be well.

“Your affectionate mother.”

"JANUARY 24.

"We were glad indeed to receive the letters written on the 13th and 17th at Madras. You are now, we trust, on the water, on your way to America. Your notes, my dear child, are very precious; the more so because I see from them that you love to give your parents pleasure. I hope that you will live in the constant fear and love of God; if you do, you will be gentle and kind, and thus make friends wherever you go.

"Your affectionate mother."

"ODOOVILLE, April 25, 1832.

"MY DEAR SON CHARLES—I wrote you last week, and sent my letter to Colombo for Henry and William Scudder to carry to America. This morning I came from Panditeripo, where I have been to see Mrs. Scudder in her trial in parting with her dear boys. It was very pleasant to talk about you, and to pray for

you and them together. We feel that you will all be exposed to great temptations on board the ship, and after you get home; and that if you do not look to the Lord for his strength to keep you, you will fall into sin, grieve the Holy Spirit, and wound that blessed Saviour who has done so much that you may be saved from all sin and sorrow, and be made holy and happy with him.

“I am afraid, my dear boy, that you do not think enough of your own weakness; that you think you are strong, and can do this or that without help. But you can do nothing, not even think a right thought or speak a right word without help from God. And you must not forget that he is always ready to help those who look to him. *None ever seek his face in vain.*

“28. My beloved boy, a mother's prayers follow you every day and every

hour; do not forget or neglect to pray for yourself. 'Seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near.'

"Nothing would give me so much joy as to know that you are 'born again,' no, not even to see your face, and once more to embrace you in my arms. I hope you will tell me every thing you can about yourself, after you get home as well as while in the ship. Tell me what you do wrong, as well as what you try to do right, and then I can better pray for you that the Lord will pardon your sins and keep you from sin.

"MAY 18. Your papa is absent with Mr. Spaulding near Point Pedro, to preach and distribute tracts. I am very glad to have him able to go, though it leaves me very lonely; I think so much more of you when he is gone. I have no more of those precious evenings when

we sat down together at my table, and read and prayed together.

“The clock strikes twelve, and I must say good-night. May angels guard my beloved boy. May the blessed Jesus wash his soul from all sin in His own blood, and may he be prepared to sleep the sleep of death, and awake to a glorious immortality beyond the grave.

“26. Saturday evening. My dear Charles will not, I trust, forget what used to be the employments of this evening; and although you cannot kneel by your mother’s side and offer your prayers, you may at a great distance pray to the same God, and find him as near as he was here; and you may always be sure that she too is offering her prayers for her dear son.

“When you are settled in school, or wherever you may be, I shall wish you to tell me when you can each day think

of Oodooville, and be engaged in prayer for your dear friends here, as well as for yourself; and I shall endeavor at the same time to pray for you. It is pleasant to have stated seasons of prayer for each other.

“I watch carefully the shrub which you put out a few days before you went away. It grows finely, and bears a beautiful flower.

“I hope, my dear son, that you will give your beloved grandmother that place in your confidence which I used to hold, and go to her at all times with any thing you wish to communicate. She has had three sons, who always went to her with their joys and sorrows as their best earthly friend, even before any of their school-fellows and companions. She will love you more if you do so, and it will be very useful to you.

“Your ever affectionate mother.”

Charles landed at Philadelphia, May 4, 1832. The next day he wrote to his parents.

“PHILADELPHIA, May 5, 1832.

“MY DEAR PARENTS—By the mercy of God I have safely arrived at Philadelphia. I left the ship yesterday afternoon with Mr. Allen to go to his house.

“Sunday, 6. To-day went to Mr. Ralston's, and went to church with him in the morning, and in the afternoon went with him to the orphan asylum, where Mr. White preached.

“8. This morning and afternoon I walked out and looked about the city, and went into the United States Bank, and into the Mint where the money is made.

“9. This morning I went down to the ship and brought our baggage ashore to Mr. Foster's boarding-house, and in the afternoon went to Fairmount with Mr.

Allen. 'Tis a beautiful place, and a river runs there, and from that the whole of Philadelphia is supplied with water, thrown by a large machine into large iron pipes which run under ground.

"11. This morning went to the Museum, and I saw so many things that I can hardly tell you what I saw. There was the skeleton of a mammoth, and an elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, and lion, stuffed.

"12. This morning Mr. Ralston's grandson Henry and I went to see the orang-outang alive. Afterwards, at twelve o'clock, went in the steam-boat with Dr. G—— as far as Trenton, and from thence in a stage to Dr. M——'s in Princeton, to spend the Sabbath.

"Sunday, 13. To-day I went to church with Dr. M——. I learned the whole of the last chapter of Mark, and read the pious magazines of children.

“14. I came with Dr. B—— in a stage as far as New Brunswick, and from thence in a steam-boat to New York, and here I saw, for the first time, aunts Charlotte and Fanny, and uncle Hallock.”



XIII.

CHARLES had now finished his wanderings, and arrived among kindred who had been eagerly awaiting him. He was greatly interested in every thing he met in the land of his parents. So much that was new presenting itself immediately after the monotony of a sea life, kept his mind on a constant stretch of excitement; and now in the bosom of his own relatives, his heart overflowed with affectionate emotions, and he felt very happy.

He almost immediately inquired about his grandparents, and for a little cousin whom he expected to find in New York; and on hearing that his grandfather Winslow and his little cousin had both died since he had heard from them, he was much affected.

When asked if he thought he had given his heart to Christ, his eyes glistened with emotion as he modestly replied, "I hope I have."

The day after his arrival he unpacked his trunks, exhibited his curiosities, distributed his little presents, and then replaced his clothes, etc., with perfect neatness and order.

He was constantly cheerful and happy, spoke of his parents and sisters with much tenderness, of his plans and prospects for the future with uncommon judgment, and of the moral condition of the heathen with deep emotion. Once, when conversing on this subject, he said, "Aunt, what I *most of all* wish is, to be prepared to be a *missionary* to Jaffna."

But the Lord's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways. He had all this time, by the instruction and trials which united to form his character,

been fitting Charles, not for his service on earth, but, we trust, for the higher service of heaven; and his affectionate and gladdened friends, who had just welcomed him most tenderly to his new home, were soon to be disappointed by his early removal. They little thought when he reached them, May 14, apparently in fine health, that ten days after he would leave them to go to dwell for ever with the Lord, who had long been his nearest and dearest friend.

On Saturday, May 18, he visited Mrs. Perit, who was a dear friend of his parents, and seemed in his usual health and spirits, till towards evening, when one of our cold spring storms commenced. Charles appeared to feel the change in the weather, and said he never was so cold. This was of course attributed to his having been accustomed to a tropical climate. and a fire was made on his

account. On his return home he complained of headache, and wished to go to rest.* Sabbath morning he was rather inclined to sleep, though he said his head was better. He remained at home at his uncle Hallock's, and slept much during the day; but at evening appeared brighter, and conversed with his usual animation as his uncle and aunt sat with him—talking of his own spiritual state, his plans for future usefulness, the state of the heathen, his parents, the mission, etc. They were much gratified by what they learned of his religious feelings, and the evidence he gave of being truly a child of God.

On Monday, Dr. Bliss, their family physician, found him feverish, though he was animated and cheerful; so much so,

* It is a striking coincidence, that at twelve o'clock of this night his mother in Ceylon wrote these words: "May he be prepared to sleep the sleep of death, and awake to a glorious immortality beyond the grave."

that a friend who called to see him remarked, that "he was so pleasant, she could scarcely leave him."

He was asked if he loved to think of portions of Scripture while he lay upon his bed.

He replied, "Yes, but prayer is my greatest comfort."

Several texts of Scripture were repeated to him, when he added this: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

"Do you think, Charles, there is much wickedness in your heart?" asked his aunt.

"Yes, a great deal."

"Does it ever distress you to find so much there that is displeasing to God?"

"Yes, very often."

"What do you do, Charles, when

you feel troubled about your wicked heart?"

His brief reply was, "Prayer is the only thing."

He had a restless night. Early in the morning, when his aunt Charlotte went to his bedside, he said very pleasantly, "*I think, aunt, the Lord seems to comfort me very much.*" Soon after his mind wandered, and during the forenoon he called Mrs. Hallock mamma, and sometimes imagined his sisters to be present. Dr. Bliss, who had called early in the morning, called again and bled him, which afforded some relief for a time.

Rev. Dr. Anderson called about four o'clock. Charles replied to his questions in monosyllables, but did not appear to understand what he said.

About eight o'clock his grandmother Lathrop arrived from New Haven, when an attempt was made to rouse him, and

make him understand who she was. He opened his eyes, but not in consciousness, and was instantly in convulsions, and did not speak afterwards. He had talked much of his grandmother, she had watched longingly for his coming, and it was truly afflicting that she should arrive only in time to see him die.

Rev. Dr. Anderson, Rev. H. G. Ludlow, and several other friends called on Wednesday, and prayed for him and his far-off parents; but the dear boy lay apparently unconscious of what was passing.

Three physicians visited him constantly; but all that medical skill and the watchfulness and attention of friends could do, was in vain. The same fatherly hand that had protected and comforted him on the voyage, and brought him to America in safety, was now stretched out to take him *home*, and the ransomed

spirit could not be detained by his earthly friends.

Thursday evening, as his relatives were standing around his bed, the "Dying Christian" was sung, after which they united in commending his departing spirit into the hands of his Redeemer. During prayer he turned his eyes upward, and a sweet smile stole over his features, and his countenance assumed an expression of peace and loveliness indescribable.

In about twenty minutes, as they were singing the "Dying Christian" a second time, he fell asleep in Jesus, at ten o'clock, May 24, 1832, aged eleven years, four months, and thirteen days.

It may not be amiss to insert here two extracts from the pen of Charles' mother, one written before and the other soon after her hearing of his death.

"JULY 8, Sabbath. I have been greatly

concerned for a few days about our dear Charles, since reading the account of some severe storms after his sailing. All my prayers for him are now *if alive*, which I used scarcely to mention. I do feel that we gave him to our heavenly Father according to his will, that we did not send him forth without bidding; and did not commit him to the winds nor to the waves, nor even to our dear country and friends, but to the Lord."

"DECEMBER 16. The Lord has come very near to us since I last wrote, and we have realized in part what was then so much dreaded. Dear Charles is no longer an inhabitant of earth; but is, I trust, before the throne of God and the Lamb.

"The shock was what few can conceive. Oh how we loved him; how our expectations were raised concerning his usefulness. But the Lord has not seen

as we see. He has cut him down, and I doubt not for the best and wisest reasons. I humbly hope it has done us much good. It has drawn our thoughts and feelings upwards. It seems to me that I never before saw Jesus to be such a Saviour as I do now, never considered as now the value of that fountain which is set open for sin and uncleanness, never with such feelings could say, 'My Lord, and my God.' I bless him for this chastisement, and long that it should bring forth more fruit. Sometimes heaven has seemed very near, and as though it would be easy to die."

Soon after the news of Charles' death reached her, his mother attempted to fulfil the request of some of his friends in America, by giving such incidents in his life and traits of his character as would particularly interest them.

"Had I anticipated," says Mrs. Wins-

low, "the event which has so afflicted us, I could have treasured on paper, as well as in memory, many things which to you and to us would be interesting, especially such as occurred in some of the last months and weeks he spent at home. As it is, my memory would do him less justice than my heart. My letters have, from time to time, contained anecdotes of him, to which I cannot add much from recollection.

"I have, I think, often alluded to his strong attachment to his parents and sisters, of which you had some proof in his tender recollection of them after his arrival in America, and in his sea journal. I think that a desire to please his parents and add to their comfort, more powerfully influenced him to duty than any earthly motive. He seemed often to have no care of his own convenience and comfort when it came in competition with

ours. When he had done wrong, nothing would so soon fill his eyes with tears as to see us grieve. Our sorrows touched his heart as though they were his own, and when he had occasioned them, it was to him doubly trying.

“His *affection for his sisters, and care of them*, was very noticeable by all who visited us; and he did not regard it when, by way of ridicule, he was sometimes called ‘the little nurse.’ Their attachment to him was sufficient evidence of all this, for he was the moving spring of all their joys, when play-hours allowed him to be with them; and you will not wonder that I had much pleasure in the anticipation of this attachment continuing, when they should be removed from us to the land of our birth.

“His *purity of mind* was such as, in this polluted atmosphere, we could not too much prize. As is common and un-

avoidable here with children, however well they may be guarded, he often heard language from the natives, to which decent people of youthful or mature age in America are entire strangers; but I never knew or heard of his using either profane or indecent language. It was said by one of his favorite playmates, 'Mamma, Charles Winslow loves to play as well as we do, but he never uses bad words; though other children do so, I never heard him.'

"He was *obedient*; never, that I recollect, wilfully disobeying his parents. He was much impressed with the words, 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it,' and he meditated on them with a kind of horror.

"His *word was seldom if ever doubted*. He knew that 'liars shall have their part

in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.' He saw many evils from lying, in the people around him, and he also often thought of a maxim descended to him from his grandmother: 'Never do what you would be ashamed to be seen doing.'

"With the domestics he was a universal favorite. The old woman especially, who was his nurse, felt as though she had lost the best friend she had on earth. Many prayers did he early and late offer for her, and would make sacrifices for her comfort. He was very considerate of her infirmities and wants, and often by his intercession secured favors for her which she would not otherwise have obtained. He would remember to see if there was a cup of tea or coffee after supper, and give it her with his own hand; if she was ill, he would ask if she wanted this or that, and was generally

ready to share his fruit and many other things with her.

“The poor beggars were much affected on hearing of his death, and some of them made so much ado that I was obliged to forbid their coming to me, as I was not able to see and hear their expressions of grief.

“One old woman, the mother of a schoolmaster, since his death, has reminded me of a number of instances when, said she, ‘I stood by that door, or on that mat there, and he said, ‘You must repent now; you are an old woman, and will die soon. You must think of what Jesus Christ has said and done for you, and love him.’

“His evenings were generally spent alone with me in reading and conversation, when quite young till eight o’clock, and afterwards till nine and half-past nine o’clock; and these are the seasons

on which, more than all others, my memory delights to dwell, when he gladly turned aside from the common amusements of children, and especially of boys, to sit down in a retired room with his mother, open his mind to her instruction, and into her bosom pour out all his heart. Here he confessed his sins and wept over them, and here I felt that I had an influence which no precepts nor threatenings could give me under other circumstances. He never seemed so happy as at these seasons, and would, when by sickness or any other cause we had been interrupted, lament that he could not enjoy our pleasant evenings, and ask, ‘When may we have those pleasant evenings again?’” In closing, she says,

“I have thus endeavored to comply with your request, as well as my time and circumstances will admit. I have

found it hard work to go on with what affects me so much, and especially as I could do it so little to my satisfaction. There are a thousand things on which we can dwell with pleasure, that cannot be conveyed to others; and the more we think of our dear one of whom we hoped so much, the more thankful we are that we enjoyed him so long, that he was so pleasant; and I hope the more willing are we to have him just where he is, though ourselves and others are deprived of him."

Mrs. Winslow was only for a very short time separated from her darling child. Eight months only passed before she overstepped the river of death, and joined her loved one on the heavenly shore. Others of her children, the sisters of Charles, have joined them in those happy mansions which the Saviour has prepared for his redeemed. Some of those

Oodooville girls too, to whom she told the story of Jesus' dying love, are there. And the father of Charles has lately gone to join the happy group before the throne. Why do we shut our eyes from those bright scenes? There are joy and gladness, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody. The Saviour is the centre towards whom all hearts there turn in gratitude, and on whom all eyes rest in delight. They hear his words, they do his bidding, they sing his praise.

Like the dear boy whose history is before you, "early seek His face," who has promised the precious gift of the Holy Spirit to lead you in the way of life. He will keep you, as he did Charles, from snares and dangers; in trouble he will comfort and cheer you, and at the hour of death he will receive you to the mansions of joy, where is no sorrow nor sighing, neither any more

need of salvation from eternal death, and the preciousness of that Saviour who has gone to prepare mansions of bliss for those who love him?

The body of Charles rests in the graveyard at New Haven, Connecticut, under a neat marble monument, with the following inscription :

CHARLES,

SON OF

REV. MIRON AND HARRIET L.

WINSLOW.

BORN IN CEYLON, 1821.

DIED IN NEW YORK, 1832.

I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE. JOHN 11 : 25.



LINES

ON

THE DEATH OF CHARLES L. WINSLOW.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A BIRD came o'er the ocean,
From the far off tropic isles,
Where, fanned by the palm-tree's motion,
Perennial summer smiles :
It had heard salvation's story,
In its own dear native bowers,
And sought for its brighter glory
In this blessed clime of ours.

It came with wing of gladness,
With carol fresh and free ;
But there breathed a dirge of sadness,
Sweet stranger-bird, for thee.
For thee was a welcome greeting,
Where the pilgrim's ashes rest ;
But thy heart had ceased its beating,
And the turf lay on thy breast.

Thy dovelike pinion soaring
O'er the waves of a world of sin,
Turned to God's ark imploring—
A pierced hand drew it in :

Where tempest ne'er hath striven,
Where discord's reign is o'er,
Thou dost learn the song of heaven,
And wilt stoop to earth no more.

Where Ceylon's flow'rets sleeping,
By spicy gales are stirred,
There's the voice of bitter weeping
In the home of that cherished bird ;
There are sister nurslings crying
For a brother's tuneful tone,
While the citron groves are sighing
Responsive to their moan.

Oh ye who, broken-hearted,
Pour forth the parents' tear ;
Who from your loved land parted,
For the cause of a Saviour dear ;
Who toiled where error flourished,
With a faith no cloud can dim,
*Is it strange that the bird ye nourished
Hath taken its flight to Him ?*

APPENDIX.

BRIEF NOTICES OF THREE OF CHARLES' GRANDPARENTS.

NATHANIEL WINSLOW.

MR. NATHANIEL WINSLOW, father of Rev. Miron Winslow, missionary in Ceylon, was born in Salisbury, Connecticut, whither his father removed from Marshfield, Massachusetts, having descended from a line of unbroken pious ancestry, extending back to the time the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth. At an early age his mind and heart became possessed of the principles of evangelical religion as embraced by his ancestors, and inculcated in the instructions, prayers, and example of a pious father. He made early profession of his Christian faith, the fruits of which were evinced in a subsequent Christian character, eminently pure, uniform, and consistent. The sanctification of the Sabbath, commencing with the shades of Saturday evening, daily morning and evening family devotions, and family

religious instruction, public and social religious worship, and all other institutions and duties of Christianity, were ever observed and enjoined by him with the same uniform and conscientious fidelity which characterized the piety of the pilgrim fathers.

The latter part of his life was principally devoted to agricultural pursuits. A considerable part of his earlier life was devoted to teaching, and many of his pupils are still living in various parts of the country, who cherish a grateful remembrance of his faithful and affectionate instructions. In his own family, his "doctrine dropped as the rain, and his speech distilled as the dew." Possessing a delicate and infirm constitution, and a retiring and domestic disposition, he was seldom from home, except when necessity demanded, but devoted his leisure time to reading and to the intellectual and religious instruction of his children. Both by precept and example he inculcated, in an eminent degree, the great Christian sentiment, that an idolatrous love of the world is exceedingly base as well as sinful, infinitely beneath the proper dignity of a rational and immortal soul on its way to God. It is questionable whether he was ever known to express in any way to his children a desire that they should become possessed of wealth and

worldly distinction ; but thousands of times has he earnestly prayed with them, and for them, that they might be saved from those snares, and give their undivided hearts to the great concerns of the soul, religion, eternity. "On a certain occasion," said his pastor in his funeral sermon, "a child of his overheard a voice of prayer in a place of retirement, and on listening, perceived it to be the voice of his father praying for him. On hearing a father's prayer offered in secret for him, that the Holy Spirit might renew his heart, make him willing to renounce the world, and become an instrument of promoting the Redeemer's kingdom in the salvation of men, he became immediately serious, found no peace till he believed in Christ, and is now a minister of the gospel."*

He cherished a very deep interest in all the religious societies and enterprises of the day, which are preparing the way for the millennial glory, and according to his ability, and often even beyond his ability, as most Christians would judge, contributed to their support. Disappointments, loss of property, bodily infirmi-

* His three sons, Rev. Dr. Miron Winslow, Rev. Dr. Hubbard Winslow, and Rev. Gordon Winslow, were ministers, and died in 1865, within five months of each other ; and his four daughters were members of Christian churches.

ty, and severe sickness, of which an uncommon share fell to his lot, never seemed to disturb the Christian serenity of his soul. He practically regarded them as "light afflictions, which are but for a moment." A few weeks previous to his death, a cloud seemed to settle on his mind, and for a season he nearly relinquished his Christian hope. It was occasioned by a zealous inspection of his past "unfaithfulness," as he expressed it, "in a near prospect of eternity." But the cloud passed away; light from heaven again shone; he beheld a forgiving and smiling God in the face of Jesus Christ; and having commended himself, his family, his distant children, and all the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world to God, still sitting erect in his chair, he folded his hands; closed his eyes, and with a gradually retiring breath, ceased from time, and entered upon the everlasting rest which remains to the children of God. He died in Williston, Vermont, April 30, 1832, aged 70.

CHARLES LATHROP, ESQ.

CHARLES LATHROP, Esq., was born at Norwich, Connecticut, January 11, 1770. He was a descendant of the Rev. John Lathrop, who was imprisoned for non-conformity in the Tower of

London, and in 1626 sought in this country "freedom to worship God."

Having received a public education, and entered on the profession of law in his native town, he was brought soon after cordially to embrace the gospel of Christ. He was long a spiritual guide and example to his own household, and a pillar in the church; the supporter of her institutions, her social meetings for prayer, her Sabbath-schools, missions, and other benevolent operations. At length, after a gradual decline, near the close of his sixty-first year, it became apparent that his end was at hand.

His faith had been tried by following to the grave his first-born son, in the prime of life, just as he was completing his college course, preparatory to the gospel ministry; and by soon after committing his eldest daughter to the ship that bore her from his sight for ever, as a missionary to the distant heathen: he knew not how they would be provided for whom he was about to leave a widow and fatherless; he saw his own great change approaching, and had no hope but in the mercy of God; yet a heavenly calm pervaded his mind, and he submissively awaited his Father's will.

While he felt the necessity of being himself prepared for the summons whenever it might

come, he was almost equally solicitous to prepare the minds of his children for the event. He cheered and comforted them by conversing with them familiarly on the subject of his departure, counselled them in respect to their worldly concerns, desired them not to incur expense for mourning apparel, nor for any thing unnecessary to his decent burial, and arranged all his business as he desired to leave it.

He had lived to witness two events, in relation to each of which he felt constrained to adopt the words of Simeon: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace ; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The first was the saving conversion, as he trusted, of all his seven surviving children, and their union with the church ; the other a revival of religion, after a long season of spiritual declension, over which he had not ceased to mourn, in which seventy were added to the church with which he was connected, embracing sixteen teachers and six pupils from his beloved Sabbath-school.

He often alluded to the former blessing as probably in answer to the prayers of missionary and other Christian friends, whom the giving up of his daughter for the heathen had brought frequently under his roof. Among these friends was the Rev. PLINY FISK, late missionary to Pal-

estine, whose visit was made soon after his daughter's departure. He had preached on the Sabbath, and attended a crowded religious meeting at Mr. Lathrop's both on Sabbath and on Monday evenings. Their interview had been eminently spiritual, and full of desire for the conversion of the heathen and the honor of Christ. On the following morning, after family worship, a little family religious meeting was held, as they were about to separate. Mr. Fisk, in prayer, seemed to plead with strong faith for spiritual blessings on the family; and as he bade them farewell, taking Mr. Lathrop by the hand, he said, "The Lord bless you;" and then, with a renewed and ardent grasp, added, as if with much assurance, "*He will* bless you; yes, *He will* bless you." The words sunk into the heart of Mr. Lathrop, and when, near ten years after, he had evidence of the conversion of all his children by the Holy Spirit, he would relate the anecdote to Christian friends, and add, with eyes filled with tears, and words struggling for utterance, "Yes, and *He has* blessed us. *We all* hope in his mercy."

To a daughter who looked anxiously upon him during a distressing season, when his difficulty of respiration threatened an immediate departure, he said, "Do not look sad. I trust you have no occasion to sorrow on my account. I

am sorry to leave you so ; but I am comforted that I leave you all with such a hope. This is a source of unspeakable consolation to me."

At the close of this day his aged pastor expressed to him the support he had derived from his persevering efforts, especially in the Sabbath-school, and in sustaining their prayer-meetings when the state of religion was low. Mr. Lathrop with his usual diffidence expressed the fear that he had done very little good, and added, as he often did on such occasions, that if any good had been done, it *was not himself*, but solely of the power and mercy of God.

Soon after he said, "I have no hope from any thing I have done, or can do ; all my hope is in Christ."

On another occasion he said, "I have not those great spiritual joys which some have ; but I *have* a comfortable hope. I am one of those who believe that there is no man that liveth and sinneth not—that in all things we come short, and in most things offend altogether ; and that it is only through the righteousness of Christ we can find any acceptance with God."

More than once, when speaking in his family of the progress of his disease, he was heard to subjoin, "But why should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?"

Being asked what message he would send to his daughter in India, he said, "Tell her the time of my departure is very near. Tell her I die with a comfortable hope; hoping to meet her before long where there is no more parting and sorrow: I hope to meet you *all* there."

Soon after, his little grandson said to him, "Grandpa, aunt is crying." "Aunt must not cry," he replied; "she must be satisfied that what God does is best."

Speaking of not resting so well for several nights as he had previously, he said, "Wearisome nights are appointed unto me; but the Lord doeth all things well, and in infinite loving kindness to those who put their trust in him."

His last conversation, a few moments before his death, was with his minister, who, having led in prayer for divine support in the hour of trial, said to him, "I suppose it does not alarm you to have the subject of death mentioned." "Oh no, sir," he replied, "not at all." "What a blessed thing it will be," added his minister, "if any of us ever get to heaven." "Yes," said Mr. Lathrop, "it will be blessed, with respect to the change which will be wrought in us, and with respect to the society and employments of heaven. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which

God has prepared for them that love him ;” and added, “The blessedness and glories of heaven are such as we can form no conception of here.”

He soon peacefully closed his eyes—January 17, 1831—and entered into those joys which his tongue had just been laboring in weakness to describe.

MRS. JOANNA LATHROP.

From Rev. Dr. William Adams' Sermon, “The Missionary Mother.”

MRS. LATHROP was born October 28, 1771, in Norwich, Conn.—a town which has furnished more than one distinguished missionary. Her father, Col. Christopher Leffingwell, was a prosperous merchant of high honor and integrity ; and her mother, Elizabeth Coit, was the descendant of a long line of pious ancestors.

At the age of twenty-two she married Charles Lathrop, Esq., a graduate of Yale college, attorney at law, and for many years clerk of the courts of New London county. At this time neither Mrs. Lathrop nor her husband was a professor of religion. The times, it will be remembered, were peculiar. The institutions of religion were generally observed, but there was little of vital piety, and none of those active phi-

lanthropies of the church which are the characteristics of our own day.

In the group of children which were gathered about these parents early in this century, was a little girl of twelve years of age, whom they were aiming to educate with the most scrupulous care. We find the mother giving to this daughter a religious book, "Hawes' Directions Concerning the New Birth;" and carefully watching the work of God in the mind of her child. One year after, this child, then thirteen years old, and both her parents came together to the table of our Lord. A child of her age was never before known throughout that region to make a public confession of Christ; but subsequent events proved that the act was performed intelligently and judiciously. Shortly after, this youthful Christian, with one of her associates, amid much opposition, commenced the first Sabbath-school in her native town; and it is not long before a desire to engage in Christian missions is apparent in her reading and conversation. Her father, an intelligent and educated man, is reading in the family the letters of Melville Horne on missions, a book which, for force and life of style, is superior to the letters of Junius; Buchanan's Researches and the Memoirs of Harriet Newell are in this Christian family; and at length the question is

brought, by the providence of God, for their decision, whether that daughter shall personally engage in missionary life in India. The question was not decided rashly, but with great deliberation. She resolved to go. The idol of her parents, they cheerfully consented that she should go. The feelings of a pious mother on this occasion will appear from an extract of a letter written by her to her daughter on the eve of her embarkation.

Speaking of a friend who came some distance to see her, she writes, "I enjoyed her visit very much, because she talked on subjects particularly interesting. My friends mistake my feelings when they studiously avoid a subject so near my heart as is your contemplated undertaking. I can think of it with composure, and speak of it with much satisfaction. She remarked that this was a cause of gratitude. I am, if I may so say, partially thankful, that is, thankful for the *disposition* which leads you thus to devote yourself. How earnestly have I desired, and how fervently prayed, that my children might be the subjects of grace, and instruments of bringing souls to Christ; and now can I claim to choose the place *where* and the manner *how* they shall serve their kind Master, who has so often heard my petitions, even to have given me the very things I have

asked of him? No, my child, I believe I am saved from this inconsistency. I believe I am willing to leave to infinite wisdom to direct in all things; and as you are satisfied with regard to duty, I do not question about it."

Here is the Christian mother breaking her alabaster-box of precious ointment on the head and feet of her Lord. What more precious offering could she bring than a highly educated, accomplished, and affectionate daughter? Many chid her, and said, "Wherefore is this waste? Why not give that life to the poor at home?" But the Lord himself, we believe, accepted and honored the oblation.

Mrs. Lathrop accompanied her daughter to the ship, and after having made the greatest sacrifice that she could, she never wished, nor thought, nor dreamed of recalling it. Mrs. HARRIET L. WINSLOW sailed for India in 1819, and her eminently useful labors in Oodooville, for thirteen years, in connection with the female school in that place, most of the pupils of which, in consequence of her patient and faithful instructions, were converted to God; and her more than peaceful, her triumphant death, are already familiar to the public in one of the most interesting of our religious biographies.

In the journal kept by Mrs. Winslow on her

outward passage, occurs the following entry :
“When at Andover, Dr. Woods said to me, *Your heart will often ache to see the little folks.* He was right ; yet *I would rather see them in Ceylon than in America.*” That wish in substance was fulfilled. Three sisters in succession, wives of Christian missionaries, followed her to India, though before their arrival in that country Mrs. Winslow had rested from her labors.

In 1833, Mrs. ELIZABETH C. HUTCHINGS sailed for Ceylon, and on arriving at her new home found only the new-made grave of that sister who she had expected would welcome her to a missionary life. This sister continued in missionary service for eleven years, till the prostrate health of her husband compelled their return to this country.

With her youngest daughter, the child of her old age, HARRIET JOANNA, whose name was given her as a memorial of this mother's first gift to missions, Mrs. Lathrop, now a widow, had gone to reside, hoping and expecting to share her society during the remainder of her life. She was the wife of Rev. John M. S. Perry, at that time the pastor of the church in Mendon, Mass. But the piety of Mr. and Mrs. Perry was of no common order. Both were deeply impressed with the duty of exchanging their New England home

for missionary services in India. The trial to Mrs. Lathrop must have been severe. But she never suggested an objection to the intelligent convictions of her children. In 1835 she gave this Benjamin of her heart to the cause of missions. Three years did Mr. and Mrs. Perry labor together, and within three days of one another both fell from cholera, brought on, as I verily believe, in the case of Mr. Perry, by the depression and despondency of heart occasioned by the disbanding of so many missionary schools for want of the means of support from home.

Could a Christian mother be expected to do more for Christ and the heathen? In the following year the last of these three sisters, Mrs. CHARLOTTE H. CHERRY, having evinced an unusual energy of character and fervor of piety in useful labors at home, left her native land for the same destination; but after a brief residence of six months, she was laid beside her oldest sister. A few days before her death she wrote in pencil, "I think the Lord sent me here; and though it were but to die, I do not regret coming at his bidding. Many, many thanks to my dear mother, who in my childhood taught me to *prize the Bible*, and to learn many passages from its holy pages which now cheer my fainting spirit. Tell them at home I am not sorry that I came here.

Do not let them say I have done much. I have done nothing. It was all the Lord Jesus Christ. Farewell."

Thus has this Christian mother given four daughters to be missionaries to India. Nor was this all. Long after widowhood had shadowed her, after her three daughters were in the grave, herself at the age of more than threescore years and ten, she added also to the number of her costly gifts a cherished granddaughter, the child of Mrs. Winslow, born in India, but educated in this country, and fitted to be an ornament to any circle, now the wife of Rev. Mr. Dulles of Madras, and filling the place which was made vacant by her departed mother.*

* At the age of 43, December 3, 1814, Mrs. Lathrop buried her first-born son, Charles Christopher, a member of Yale college, preparing for the ministry, aged 20. June 8, 1819, her daughter, Mrs. Harriet L. Winslow, at the age of 23, sailed for Ceylon, the mission company consisting of Rev. Messrs. Winslow, Scudder, Spaulding, Woodward, and their wives. January 17, 1831, her husband, Charles Lathrop, Esq., died, aged 61. May 24, 1832, her grandson, Charles L. Winslow, died in New York, aged 11, twenty days after his arrival from Ceylon. January 14, 1833, Mrs. Winslow died in Ceylon. In July, 1833, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Hutchings, at the age of 20; May 16, 1835, Mrs. Harriet J. Perry, at the age of 19; and November 23, 1836, Mrs. Charlotte H. Cherry, at the age of 25, sailed successively for Ceylon. November 4, 1837, Mrs. Cherry

died at Ceylon, and March 13, 1838, Mrs. Perry died, three days after her husband. In 1834, the three surviving daughters of Mrs. Winslow arrived in this country, and were adopted by Rev. Professor Kellogg, P. Perit, Esq., and C. R. Robert, Esq.; and in 1842 the only surviving daughter of Mrs. Perry reached this country, and was also adopted by Mr. Perit. In 1844, Mrs. Hutchings returned to this country; and in 1848, Mrs. Harriet L. Dulles, second daughter of Mrs. Winslow, sailed for Madras. Mrs. Lathrop, after Mrs. Perry sailed, resided with her daughter, Mrs. Hallock, in New York, where she died May 15, 1851, aged 79. Rev. Dr. Miron Winslow, father of Charles L., died on his voyage returning from India, October 22, 1864, aged 74.



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